THE GOD OF THE UNEXPECTED

CLARENCE EDDELBUCK WISHART

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THE GOD OF THE UNEXPECTED

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A WORD OF INTRODUCTION

By DR. JOHN TIMOTHY STONE

The influence and standing of the American pulpit have suffered because the onrush of activity and the increasing demands of duty have been too insistent. We are grateful that one gifted with such rare ability as Doctor Wishart has been willing to prepare this volume of sermons. The scope and timeliness of the subjects considered are significant of the mind and insight of this great preacher.

His range of familiarity with the best in literature evidences his wide reading and ready memory. The aptness of his illustrations is such that one never feels that the picture was bought simply to fill the frame. His wealth of knowledge never burdens the reader, for the selective element controls. The wide vision and wisdom gained through accurate scientific information and philosophic study enhance his thinking and command respect.

Not only do these sermons reveal the student and reader, but they evidence as well the man of affairs and the man who knows humanity. As pastor, teacher, and college president, Dr. Wishart has had exceptional experience with all types and conditions of people. His clear mind, warm heart, and ready hand seem to combine with an originality of treatment in whatever subject he approaches. Humor fascinates as well, but never merely for humor's sake, the error of so many. This is well il-

lustrated in his reference to David Hume's experience with the old lady who helped him from the bog on condition that he would repeat the Lord's Prayer. The sermon on "Prayer and Efficiency" in which this illustration occurs is in my judgment one of the most helpful treasures on this subject we have.

The practical has also its place in this volume as seen in such sermons as "The Forgotten Secret of Zest."

His analysis of character is disclosed in such searching outline as we find in his portrayal of George Eliot in "The Trajectory of Evil."

But greater even than the sermons is the man back of them. Those who know him will welcome this volume, not only for its inspiring thought and content, but because they love the author. As one of those whose very definition of friendship has been deepened by his companionship, and whose life and work have been enriched by his voice and pen, I welcome with gratitude this volume of sermons.

Not long since, as I was walking through a little far-western town, I was greeted familiarly by a young man, a recent graduate of The College of Wooster. After making himself known to me, and introducing his wife and little child, he said, "What a splendid man our President is!" His face was aglow, his heart in his words. Such is the esteem in which this man of God and leader of men is held by student and friend everywhere, and with such men and their messages the problems of academic study and the problems of the modern preacher can and will be met. Faithfully

JOHN TIMOTHY STONE

Fourth Church Study
Chicago, Ill.

FOREWORD

The sermons and addresses in this volume are selected from those which have been delivered at various services of The College of Wooster. They are placed before a wider constituency as quite obviously platform talks, written always with the mental picture of an audience at the back of one's mind. The spoken word and the printed page are media of expression so dissimilar in character that it requires some temerity to shift from the one to the other without radical revision. The venture has been made, however, in the confidence that most readers will understand the self-evident plan and purpose of the original construction. Most public speakers learn to take without too much seriousness the requests to print which often come out of the fervor of a public meeting. All of us understand that these estimates do not represent the reliable and sober second thought. But the present writer is grateful beyond all expression for beautiful circles of friendship in certain churches to which he has ministered, and among the faculty, students, alumni, and friends of the College which he now serves. It was felt that in these circles at least he might be justified in giving to certain messages a more permanent form.

Miss Leila A. Compton, Miss Olla Fern Kieffer, and Miss Gretchen R. White have given invaluable service in the tracing and confirming of quotations and poems contained in this volume. It is unfortunate to have that type

of perverse mind to which some old phrase or song clings like a burr, but which seems incapable of recalling the time and location of original contact. A few quotations and poems have proved elusive even to the literary detectives of the New York Times. We have used "due diligence," but if any old songs and phrases should by chance be misquoted, the reader is asked to imitate that patience which Mr. Kipling attributed to Homer's auditors, who " 'eard old songs turn up again, but kep' it quiet—same as you."

Dr. Waldo H. Dunn has shown great kindness in the correction of the proof sheets. The reader should understand, in justice to his finished literary craftsmanship, that his supervision has not gone beyond this. Any culpable lapses of taste, style, or statement are chargeable to the author alone.

Without a formal dedicatory page the writer cannot forbear one personal touch. He would honor himself by linking with this book—the labor of his love—the name of Josephine Long Wishart, who for nearly two decades, as partner and comrade, has shared with him in the toil and tears, the joy and laughter, of service in the Christian Ministry.

CHARLES FREDERICK WISHART

THE GOD OF THE UNEXPECTED

I

THE GOD OF THE UNEXPECTED

The crucial question with which all discussion of the supernatural must start is this: "Has God exhausted Himself in the universe, or has He powers in reserve?" Whether dualists or spiritual monists in philosophy, Christian believers all agree that everything that is, natural or supernatural, rests on the all-embracing will of God. And in this broad sense everything which comes to pass must conform to law,—that is, to God's will. Nothing can possibly happen without the circle of His volitions. But if God has not exhausted Himself, there may be events which conform to His Will, yet run counter to the ordinary manifestations of that will in the routine of nature.

To grasp this thought, you must sharply distinguish the *immanence* and the *transcendence* of God. He is *immanent* in the laws of the universe, and yet He *transcends* them. There is more of Him than has been expressed in the cosmos. If you do not believe that, then you are a pantheist and heaven alone is to help you, for you have blotted out not only miracles, but morals. The

moment you lose the transcendence, the moment you conceive that "God is all and all is God," that moment personal relations vanish, and with them personal responsibility.

Granted the doctrine of transcendence, our definitions begin to emerge. Nature is God's manifestation in His immanence; the supernatural, the outflashing of His transcendence. Horace Bushnell defines "natura" etymologically as the future participle of "nascor," "the about to come to pass,"—that is, the settled routine of cosmic processes. The supernatural, then, would be anything not in the chain of natural cause and effect, or that acts on the chain of cause and effect in nature *from without the chain*. What then is a miracle? Three definitions are urged.

The miracle is wholly a manifestation of God's transcendence and without any regard for, or cooperation with, His immanent laws. "It is," says Charles Hodge, "of such a character that it can be rationally referred to no other cause than the *immediate* volition of God." It is "produced or caused by the simple volition of God, without the intervention of any subordinate cause."

At the opposite extreme are those who define a miracle as lying wholly in the field of God's immanent manifestations. It is to be explained by subtle unexplored laws which yet are contained in the ordinary routine of nature's operations. It is in this sense that Whitman sings:

> "Why! who makes much of a miracle?
> As to me, I know of nothing else but miracles,
>
> . . . .
>
> To me, every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
> Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,

Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread
with the same,
Every foot of the interior swarms with the same;
Every spear of grass—the frames, limbs, organs, of men
and women, and all that concerns them,
All these to me are unspeakably perfect miracles.
To me the sea is a continual miracle;
The fishes that swim—the rocks—the motion of the
waves—the ships, with men in them,
What stranger miracles are there?"

In this sense the miracle is not outside nature, but inside, only subtly elusive and difficult to understand.

For purposes of this discussion we adopt a midway view. For us a miracle does not ignore second causes, but is not limited by them. It is an outflashing of God's transcendence, but not necessarily immediate. If a man had started west, and having arrived at Chicago found a telegram calling him back to New York, the first view would suddenly transport him from Chicago to New York without a train; the second would suppose in the train itself some subtle, hitherto undiscovered power of reversal by which it turned about and carried the man and itself back to New York. The third view would suppose that the president of the road intervened, disarranged the time schedule for the time being, and ordered the engineer to reverse the engine and carry back the man. In the Bible we find special providences, such as the flight of quails; and subtle unexplainable natural events, such as the drawing together of Peter and Cornelius. These are *mysteries,* perhaps, not miracles.

It is prerequisite to clear thinking in this matter that we make a sharp distinction between a mere mystery and a miracle. The world is full of what we commonly call

miracles, which are nothing more than the highly mysterious, but quite regular and habitual, relations between cause and effect. The subtle but impalpable and unexplainable sequences of life all about us are of course the kind of miracle that Walt Whitman was singing about. The common walks of life about us are crowded with these mysteries, though often usage has dulled our vision to their wonder.

But a miracle, as the storm center of modern discussion, means more than this. It is a real interference with the ordinary routine procedure. No matter how subtle or mysterious are the relations of cause and effect, they are not miracles if they are normal and habitual. The miracle about which the debate rages is the supernormal and nonhabitual. Now it is quite likely that many of the Bible miracles reduce to this first category of mere mysteries. Probably more of them than we realize are to be explained by extraordinary psychic powers, or some notable insight into the quite normal, but most subtle and evasive, processes of nature.

But while this is quite true, it does not seem to be all the truth. After due allowance is made for those natural powers which lie beyond the average ken, and after fitting discount and deduction for Oriental looseness of narrative and characteristic vague conceptions of accuracy, there still remains a zone of supernormal manifestation which can be set down only as a real displacement of the normal processes by which God expresses Himself in nature. The only alternative is to impeach the record at its most vital salients.

It is really not so difficult to distinguish between the merely mysterious and the essentially miraculous, always

granting broadly the reliability of the witnesses. The question is not whether we can conceive *how* the sequences occur, but whether we can conceive that they *could occur regularly and normally.* Would it be possible to understand these extraordinary sequences as fitting into the regular processes of nature's routine? For instance, the radio is to me a real mystery. I cannot possibly understand the method of it; yet I can conceive how the mysterious laws by which it operates can exist normally and continuously without any disturbance of the harmony of nature. But I cannot possibly conceive how we should ever discover the power of bringing the dead back to life, as a mysterious and unexplainable, but none the less normal and habitual and continuous power, belonging to those with insight subtle enough to use it. It seems to me that the regular and continuous existence of such a power would really upset the whole harmony of life as we know it. Nor can I conceive how the power to expand indefinitely a loaf of bread could ever prove a subtle but none the less normal force latent in humanity. It would not take much imagination to perceive how such a power would radically disturb all the balances of life, physical, social, and moral.

In fact, we may broadly say that many miracles performed by Jesus seem to be of such an order and character that they are not only vastly mysterious, but also bona fide interferences with the ordinary routine by which God expresses Himself in the world. I cannot conceive that such powers could ever be discovered to have a normal place in the ordinary operations of human life, no matter what the psychic wonders which the future may unroll before us. Our present day knowledge may throw light

upon that class of sequences which are only mysterious, but they have really no light to throw upon that class of sequences which are definitely abnormal and non-habitual. When Israel crossed the Red Sea we have doubtless only a remarkable special providence; when the prophet sweetened the brackish water we may have only an exceptional insight into certain processes of nature; but when the five thousand were fed, or when the grave gave up its dead, we have a real break in the continuity of nature's processes, a sequence so unique that we could not suppose it to be of the habitual order of nature without upsetting the whole structure of ordinary individual and social life.

As to the evidence itself, this is, of course, the field for the critical scholar. And yet, possibly not so much his field as we think it is, or as he thinks it is. I have always felt that a sense of proportion, a Spirit-guided imagination, intuitive ability, and a grasp of the moral and psychological background, are of at least as great value in the estimation of this data as is the ability to distinguish between uncials and cursives. It is a field too much given up to mere mathematical or historico-critical methods. We must get at these moral and spiritual situations with a large measure of intuition. Bergsen points out that critical analysis can show only the elements of any given situation in which it resembles other situations. For the absolutely unique elements we must rely upon intuition, and I suppose in regard to any great miracle, like that of the resurrection of Jesus, there will always be two attitudes, according as men are guided by the merely critical and analytical sense, or by the moral and intuitional sense. The controlling factor in my mind

regarding this miracle is the psychological and moral background, both in the character of Jesus and in that of His disciples. I cannot by any possibility construe a theory that satisfies me on the moral and psychological sides and yet sets aside the veritable truth of the miracle. To disbelieve the supernormal here makes the whole moral situation monstrous and inconceivable. It is doubtless true that this way of thinking is partially analytical and partially intuitional. One *feels* the moral monstrosity of setting aside the miracle as a far more intolerable burden than the strain that comes through believing in a break of physical routine. It is doubtless true that the man whose train of thought has been wholly critical will either never feel this, or else that its grip upon him will be very vague and uncertain.

Professor Olin A. Curtis, in his work "The Christian Faith," has divided the modern opponents of the miracle into three classes. The first of these to which our attention is to be directed is that class of thinkers to whom the miracle is a sheer impossibility. In the dictum of Spinoza the miracle was set down as "impossible." Hume and his followers softened the word to "incredible," but the meaning was substantially the same. The historical evidence for the miracle is ruled out *a priori,* and the assertion is freely made that a belief in the miracle is incompatible with intellectual honesty.

The reason for this is the postulate of unbroken uniformity in nature. We are told that the inviolate precision of natural law is a presumption without which our very thinking itself would have no validity.

Thus Hume insisted that no amount of evidence could prove a miracle. He reasoned somewhat like this: "Our

faith in miracles must rest on historical testimony. Historical testimony is only the testimony of men liable to be deceived. All confidence in such testimony is founded on experience. Experience, however, teaches that human testimony is not reliable, whereas our experience that the course of nature is uniform is without exception. It will therefore always be more probable that the witnesses were mistaken than that the course of nature has been violated."

Of course it will be readily seen that Hume's famous argument really involves a begging of the question. He has assumed the thing to be proven, in his statement that "our experience that the course of nature is uniform is without exception." If there be any evidence for miracles, it must be counted in as part of our experience. And if it is so counted in, then our experience of unbroken uniformity is not without exception. There is an exception every time anyone has witnessed a miracle or has had an experience which breaks in upon the ordinary course of events. Mr. Chesterton has somewhere said that there are enough such experiences on record to fill the whole British Museum up to the roof. Mr. Hume evidently started by assuming the dictum which at the finish, with flourishing trumpets, he announced as proven. He has told us in his premise that there can be no evidence for miracles, because miracles do not happen, as we all know. Then in his conclusion he has announced gravely that miracles do not happen, as we all know, because there is no evidence.

It did not take long for thinkers to perceive that Mr. Hume had made a serious mistake, also, in balancing positive and negative testimony against each other on a parity

of authority. Thus he assumes that the overwhelming presumption must be against miracles, because the overwhelmingly large number of people experience the unbroken course of nature and do not experience miracles.

But he forgot that a million men who did not see a miracle might be of less evidential value than one man who did. An Irishman once haled before the court for stealing a cow said, "Your Honor, I can produce fifty men who did not see me do it."

Even John Stuart Mill, though he modified the position by pointing out both flaws in the argument that I have mentioned, yet felt that it would be impossible to prove a miracle because the weight of average experience would always be against it. But did he not forget that for an exceptional event the real weight must be with the exceptional witness? Average experience is always trustworthy for average events, but seldom trustworthy for exceptional events. The exceptional man, given the proper moral background, must outweigh the average man in the judging of the exceptional event.

Professor Huxley was keen enough to see that Hume's argument proved too much. It not only blocked the miracle, but it blocked anything new or unusual.

The weight of testimony would always be against the discovery of the North Pole or the discovery of a new species of plant by Burbank. It therefore blocked evolution and could not hold. But while Huxley admitted that there is no "must" in God, and that the question of miracles was wholly one of sufficient evidence, yet no possible evidence would have been by him accounted sufficient. It would have proven only that the event witnessed was beyond such natural laws as are now known.

So far as any proper conception of the miracle is concerned, it was accounted impossible.

For the Christian theist of this day, and in the light of our present conception of God and the universe, the theory that miracles are impossible is scarcely worthy of serious consideration. Why impossible? Because they are a violation of the law of nature? But can the law of nature compel our God? What is a "law of nature?" Consider it apart from a personality back of it, and a law cannot do anything, never has done anything, and never will do anything. All its potency is in the person which it expresses. If you think a law can do anything without a person back of it, observe, if you please, certain laws on the statute books of some of our commonwealths today. The term "law of nature" is but a meaningless abstraction, a phrase used to cover the utter absence of any intelligible thought whatsoever, unless it is used to express the habitual ways in which a person acts. What do we know about laws apart from persons? We do not see laws—we see sequences; we see one thing following another regularly, and we assume that it has always been that way and always will be that way; but we cannot demonstrate our assumptions. Day follows night, and night follows day; seasons move in orderly sequence; certain things which we call "effects" follow certain things which we call "causes;" but we call them thus only because we are more or less gambling that things will keep on acting in the future as we have observed them to act in the past. As Chesterton has observed, "It is no argument for unalterable law (as Huxley fancied) that we count on the ordinary course of things. We do not count on it; we bet on it. We risk the remote possibility of a

miracle as we do that of a poisoned pancake or a world-destroying comet. We leave it out of account, not because it is a miracle, and therefore an impossibility, but because it is a miracle, and therefore an exception."

When the late Senator Allison was asked, during a drought, if it would not certainly rain, he replied cautiously, "It always has heretofore." If I get up at eight o'clock three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, and on the three hundred and sixty-fifth day get up at six, that would not be impossible—it would be an exception. And while my habits, that is, the law of my nature, would greatly predispose me against any such exception, even in this case it would by no means be an impossibility. In other words, when we have caught the idea that a law is nothing more than the habitual way in which a person acts, we realize that the whole question is this: "Can a person be bound by his own habits?" Are the habits larger and stronger than the person, or is the person really larger and stronger than his habits? Let us admit that in the specific case of getting up at six in the morning the habits are almost stronger than the person. Many a poor drunkard finds that his habits have become stronger than his personal will. But he is not normal; he is not free. God is normal and free and personal. The only real and ultimate law is His will grounded in His transcendent nature. That is the only final test. God has His habitual way of doing things, to be sure. But if even a man can break in on his own habits, is there less freedom in God?

Given a proper insight into the real nature of law as the expression of the personal will of God, the idea that miracles are a violation of law reduces to sheer absurdity.

The only possible violation of law would be that which defied God's will. The miracle is only a higher and more direct and exceptional manifestation of that will. In fact, the size of a man will be judged by his ability to do the exceptional thing when the occasion demands. God is the Infinite. *He is the God of the unexpected.*

When we understand that all activities of nature rest back on God's will, we will see at once that the miracle presents no greater essential difficulty than the ordinary course of events. It is just as marvelous, so far as the mystery and difficulty is concerned, for God to turn water into wine in a season as to turn water into wine in a moment. There is no difficulty or obstacle in the latter case which is not met and overcome in the former as well. There is no time in God. It looks more difficult to us solely because we have been accustomed to seeing the wonder done in a season and have not been accustomed to seeing it done in a moment. Under the workings of the law of habit we continually confuse the unusual and the impossible. We count so definitely on the usual and average experience that the exceptional assumes the aspect of the impossible. The Titanic could not go down. Such a thing had never been known. So sail ahead full speed and dare the icebergs—it was impossible to sink the Titanic! No, not impossible—only unusual—and the unusual happened. Why, we cannot even have a week of rainy days without concluding that dry weather is well-nigh impossible. We do not reason out such a conclusion, but we *feel* that way. Indeed, such are the predispositions of habit that we even develop a dislike of the exceptional. It disturbs our calculations. It upsets our wise saws and modern instances. We want the program

to go by a fixed routine because it is so much easier to grasp and use as the basis of some beautiful theory.

Every Greek student hates the irregular verbs. One would infinitely prefer a language with no such pitfalls in it. How much easier to keep matters straight if there had never been any exceptions! The college boy echoes with a full heart the cry that Carlyle puts on the lips of the old schoolmen, "May God confound you for your Theory of Irregular Verbs!"

Now many routine minds, possessed of a desire to develop a theory of science which will contain the whole cosmos, dealing for years with the material study of unvarying natural sequences, fall into the grip of this same law of habit. It seems to them that any variation or unusual thing in nature would be not only impossible, but immensely undesirable. They dislike it, they hate it with the rabid hatred which mediocrity bears to genius. They hate it just as we used to hate the irregular verbs. It breaks up their settled theories; it makes impossible that snug arrangement of labeled and classified data so dear to the routine mind. We assumed that the Greek language existed to make grammar easy. They assume that this universe exists to make science easy. When the exception is intimated, the heathen rage and cry, "May God confound you for your Theory of Irregular Verbs!" But we learned at last that grammar was only an incident to the great intellectual and moral and spiritual purpose of the noble Greek tongue. And the routine mind may yet learn that his uniformities and laws and sequences and necessities and orders and tendencies are only an incident to the great intellectual and moral and spiritual purpose to which the whole creation moves.

The second class of thinkers to whom Professor Curtis refers are those who regard the miracle not as impossible, but as improbable. It is conceded that the God whose will is the only law could do the exceptional thing, but *would* He? These thinkers believe He would not. "No whim in God," said Theodore Parker, "—therefore no miracle in nature." It is inconsistent, they tell us, with the dignity of God as displayed in the unvarying precision and majestic accuracy of uniform natural law, to suppose that He would break in upon this splendidly planned and accurately balanced system of law by so much as the variation of a hair's breadth.

Now it may be freely conceded that there is a certain dignity, nay a certain morality even, in the unvarying precision of nature. Wordsworth may have caught something of the morality which had its expression in the splendid mathematics of the sky when he sang:

> "Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong
> And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong."

But let us not forget that, while there may be moral dignity in precision and regularity of habit, there may be even greater moral dignity in the breaking in upon that habit, if the moral occasion warrants or demands it.

There is a dignity and even a business morality in the routine, let us say, of a great store. We are impressed with the clock-work regularity with which the building is opened and closed, with the faultless accuracy of the business routine, with the masterly way in which the clerks are marshalled to their places like the trained soldiers of an army. Now the office boy looks up to that routine as something vast and majestic and unbreakable.

To him it would seem as though the world were ending if the store did not open and close on schedule time, if the daily routine did not go on its way like the perfectly oiled works of a great clock. But the son of the owner has a different point of view. He sees that the routine is not an end in itself, because he knows the man at the head of that routine, not as a mere driver of a machine, but as a father. And he knows that if he were to become sick and need his father, that father would smash the routine in a thousand pieces if the emergency were important enough.

There is a certain dignity and impressiveness in the schedule of a railway system. Also there is morality in it to the traveling public. But there was a time in this country when every train and every streetcar from coast to coast was ten minutes behind time. That was not a stigma on railroading. It was a badge of honor. For McKinley was dead, and as loving hands carried his body to its long rest the railroads stopped their trains in token of respect to his memory. Was the routine dignity of the railroad system injured by the moral dignity which introduced an exception into the routine? The fact is that one very cogent definition of freedom and power in a personality is its ability to do the unaccustomed thing in this way.

Now all depends upon whether you consider the universe as a machine shop or a home. Is God a great celestial mechanic, or is He a father? We hold the higher uniformity, they the lower; and the curious paradox is in this, that men who assert this lower mechanical uniformity are willing to violate the higher and moral uniformity. Man has an instinct for immortality, and if that instinct

were false it would imply a serious break in the great uniform law by which instinct involves corresponding reality. And yet there are many men who would deny this instinct, who will insist upon the lower and mechanical uniformity of nature's routine. The uniformity of the higher law has back of it love, and that of the lower law has back of it only mechanics. And the man who will not admit that the routine of nature was ever broken, yet really, in his heart, hungers for something that *will* break up that routine. He curses the universe because it is so hard and mechanical and unfeeling; and then deliberately shuts his eyes to every evidence which would convince him that the universe is anything else.

The whole question reduces to the query as to whether God is a God of love. Surely it is inconceivable that a loveless universe could have evolved a good mother! And if God is love, then the mechanical dignity of mere natural routine is lost in the splendid higher dignity, the moral majesty, of the love of God manifested in the exception to the routine. If we admire the business man who would break up his routine for his boy; if we honor the railroad men who put every train in the country behind time; if we love Lincoln when he declared in substance that he would violate the constitution itself to save the Union and free the slave; shall we convict the great God of fickleness, of whims, of inconsistency, when He changes His habits at the dictate of His wonderful love?

The supreme miracles of the Bible were always wrought for moral purposes. Jesus was not unique in working miracles. Others have done so. But He was unique in His moral attitude toward His miracles—in His appreciation of their meaning and necessity. He never conde-

scended to the supernatural as a mere wonder-worker. I question whether He even relied on them greatly by way of credential. It is at least true in modern thinking that His moral attitude toward the miracles is far more convincing to *us* than the miracles themselves. But when we have caught the message of the Bible, the supremacy of the moral over the physical, when we have realized the supreme meaning of the incarnation—that something is radically wrong with humanity, that a moral crisis of first magnitude faced the race; then to the eye of the child of God the miracle becomes not an improbability, but rather takes its place as just the thing we should expect. In the crisis, under all the circumstances, we would have suspected this narrative if it did not show us that God was as disturbed about sin as we were, and more so. That the Almighty Father should "sit on His vast and solitary throne, creating worlds to make eternity less burdensome to His immense existence and unparticipated solitude," while the race of men He made was struggling in the awful grip of human sin, seems to me to be most grossly improbable. That He should have been stirred even to the point of breaking up His accustomed habits for the time being, seems the most natural and believable thing in the world. And it will become so to most men who come to know God by intimate personal experience.

There is still a third class of modern thinkers to which we now turn. They are those who, while admitting that what has gone before is in the main true, yet insist that it is not the message for our age. Grant that miracles are possible, probable, and that the historical evidence, backed by the moral considerations and the psychological demands of the situation, is, in some cases at least, of such char-

acter as to amount to a demonstration. Still, say these men, miracles are at the best non-strategic. In this age they are a weight rather than a wing to faith. Let us keep them in the background, rely on moral and spiritual considerations, and leave these physical signs to the cruder age for which they were in reality intended.

I apprehend that these thinkers have been caught by a false diagnosis of the real difficulty. Primarily the trouble is not intellectual, but moral. When men come to catch the moral relationship and realize its pre-eminence, the intellectual difficulties vanish. When one has a miracle in his own heart he is not staggered by a miracle in nature. It would be a great mistake to suppose that by toning down all intellectual difficulties we can make our message more attractive or effective with the modern man. If he comes to know the spiritual change, the intellectual difficulties vanish of themselves. If he does not come to know the spiritual change, all the logical catering and intellectual trimming in the world will not avail one jot or tittle to lead him to the kingdom. Faith grows with the demands upon it. When those demands are attenuated, it shrivels and dies.

"Human things," says Pascal, "need only to be known, in order to be loved; but divine things must first be loved, in order to be known." In regard to the miracle the Roman Catholic Church and the Unitarian Church are antipodal the one to the other. On the one side slavish and superstitious acceptance of the supernatural. On the other, an absolute elimination of it. Let the records of membership show which has the larger grip on men. When the demands of faith become attenuated to the point of Lincoln's soup made from the shadow of a pigeon

that had died of starvation, it may attract an anemic little coterie of dilettantes and intellectual recluses, but for the great mass of men it will have no appeal. Strong believers ask for bread, not stones or predigested capsules. It takes great tasks to make great men; and the faith that overcomes the world does not hedge or cringe, but confronts the Supreme Mystery like Browning's Grammarian:

"Was it not great? did not he throw on God,
(He loves the burthen)—
God's task to make the heavenly period
Perfect the earthen?
Did not he magnify the mind, show clear
Just what it all meant?
He would not discount life, as fools do here,
Paid by instalment.
He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success
Found, or earth's failure:
'Wilt thou trust death or not?' He answered 'Yes!
Hence with life's pale lure!'"

Nor must it be forgotten that redemption itself is one vast miracle. The person of Christ is an absolute break in the routine of average human nature, utterly inexplicable by any natural sequence of cause and effect either in the field of heredity or that of environment. The history of the Bible has been miraculous. The whole course of redemption is an extraordinary thing. A religion without the miraculous is Hamlet sans Hamlet. Conversion itself is the best attested fact of modern life. And it is essentially of the miraculous order. "The wind bloweth where it will, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Professor

William James was the first modern man of science on whom it appears to have dawned that a study of religion meant a study of what went on in the souls of religious men. Harold Begbie, in his really remarkable series of books on conversion, has furnished data which every man who discusses the supernatural is bound to face. I am weary of soul with the cheap assumption that science is all on the side of the red tape minds. No man can be intellectually honest who dogmatizes on miracles without a frank study of conversion in modern life. And his verdict will be that of Daniel Webster on the change which came into the life of a hardened old sinner, one John Colby, of whom the great statesman spoke to his friend John Taylor. "Well, John Taylor, miracles happen in these latter days as well as in the days of old." "What now, Squire?" asked Taylor. "Why," replied Webster, "John Colby has become a Christian. If that is not a miracle, what is?"

II

HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY

The suggestive title of one of Mr. Browning's poems furnishes the angle from which we are now to view the question of the miracle. "How It Strikes a Contemporary" is not the formula by which an abstract judgment is to be crystallized, but it does present the exceedingly practical criterion which determines the actual acceptance of an abstraction and its incorporation into concrete and vivid belief. How does the miracle strike the contemporary mind? What of the supernatural today? How does it fare through the shifting and sifting processes of twentieth century thinking? Granted a spiritual universe and not a mechanical one, granted a great All-Father who controls physical phenomena for moral ends, a fairly water-tight argument for the miraculous may be constructed. But will it have any real and practical grip on that oft-quoted and awesome court of appeal, so vociferous and dogmatic and yet withal so disturbingly erratic, which we call "the modern mind?"

Speaking in general terms the answer to this question might be put in a single sentence. As compared to a generation ago it is now easier to accept the marvelous incidents of the Bible but harder to assign a definitely miraculous explanation to them. In Mr. Huxley's day the tendency of many critics was to assume, as he himself somewhere stated, the alternative that the supernatural

events of the gospel narratives were either genuine miracles or else that they did not occur at all. We have now come to a time when his successors are far more willing to admit that these events might have occurred, but when along with this admission they would assign for them some unknown natural force as a sufficient explanation.

This attitude has arisen as our minds have expanded more and more to the marvels of modern discovery in that zone of mystery where spirit and matter meet. The prophecy of William James has been realized in that a generation which explained the psychical by the physical has been followed by a generation which is tending more and more to explain the physical by the psychical. Thinking which was on a materialistic tack swung sharply over to a new sense of invisible wonders manifest through an utterly unknown medium which for want of a better name has been called the ether. The reduction of matter from atom to electron, from the concept of solidarity to that of energy; the amazing revelations of the radio; the deepening conviction that spirit often masters matter; have all tended toward an easier tolerance of many wonders in the Bible. Sir Conan Doyle, for instance, would readily accept the detailed narrative concerning the Day of Pentecost if instead of an "outpouring of the Spirit" you talked about "psychical manifestations." Mental ascendancy over material media is increasingly evident even to that bromidic individual known as the "man on the street." Whether in the hands of charlatans like Madame Blavatsky and Madame Eddy, or of earnest gentlemen like the Emmanuel advocates and Monsieur Coue, we are blundering once and again upon mysterious live wires of unknown spiritual force. These occasional con-

tacts bring unwonted shocks to those confirmed dogmatists who had rested so comfortably on the old scientific orthodoxy of hard mechanical causation. Joe Jefferson, the loved actor, summed up the new attitude toward the things not dreamt of in our mechanistic philosophies. His friend and lifelong companion, Grover Cleveland, with that dogged, persistent, hard-headed practicality of his, utterly refused even to consider the evidence for certain alleged marvelous happenings in the invisible empire of ether. "Tell that to Jefferson; he'll believe anything," said the former President. And Jefferson replied, "Of course I will. The world is full of wonders and another more or less does not surprise me."

Whatever their limitations and failures, the psychic group of investigators have at least jarred the complacent egotism of the old positivists and the contemporary followers of Ernst Haeckel. At a minimum evaluation they have stimulated a new bent of the modern mind toward the unseen world. It is too late in the day to laugh out of court such men as Myers and Hodgden and Crooks and Lodge and Barrett and Flammarion and Maeterlinck and Hyslop and Chesterton and Lang and Tarkington and Doyle and a host of others with equal scientific, philosophical and literary standing. Let us grant that thus far psychical investigation must receive the Scotch verdict, "Not proven." I fancy it is the Scotch verdict only because the issues are so tremendous, the inferences so solemn and heart-shattering, that we do not dare rest on evidence which would be fairly conclusive in decisions of lesser moment. Hundreds of men have been hung on evidence inferior to that which science itself has produced for some sort of invisible life capable of interest in

and interference with human affairs. Make all possible allowance for fraud, collusion, and coincidence, still there exists the "unexplainable residuum." Every year widens the area of data which compels the hypothesis either of actual communication with human spirits across the veil or of psychical phenomena between human spirits operating entirely independent of mechanical causation. In either case the results are proving equally fatal to the theory of hard material uniformity. And in many cases the explanation of actual intercourse across the veil would probably be the more natural and unforced hypothesis—if—if only we dared!

The time has come for Christian thinking to see in the honest, reverent psychical investigator a friend and not a foe. Mercenary necromancy has always been a rotten, reeking thing, justly interdicted in the Bible. In modern life it smells to high heaven with the odors of the pit. To practice foul fraud on broken hearts for filthy gain is a wickedness that should put to shame the traitors whom Dante found in the ninth circle of the Inferno. But as we would not have Christianity judged by the frauds and crimes committed in its name, we dare not on an analogous basis condemn the honest and reverent scientific investigator who seeks to confirm in the white light of reason that life immortal to which we cling by faith "amid the encircling gloom" of modern mechanistic thinking. The reverent psychic investigator is like ourselves the champion of a spiritual universe. *"Les amis de mes amis sont mes amis."* For myself, I shall waste no blows on any man who makes it easier to believe in a plastic world of spirit rather than a hard world of mechanism, and in a God who is not a Master Mechanic, but

a Father, in whose train wait ministering angels, and around whose throne the cherubic host sings everlastingly devout and holy songs. I will risk bad spirits for the assurance that there are good ones. If demons exist, they can harm no one without His consent. But if materialism were the real philosophy of life, then all spirits alike are swallowed up in darkness and despair. As Mr. Hereward Carrington has said in a recent review, "It is curious to note that spiritism merely offers scientific evidence for the existence and reality of a spiritual world—for which all other religions are likewise contending. It is easy enough to see why the materialist should attack spiritualism. It runs counter to his cherished and preconceived views of things; and rather than give these things up and acknowledge that he might be wrong he prefers to ignore and deny the facts! But why religion should pour out the vials of its wrath upon any attempted proof of the very phenomena it is teaching, has always been an unintelligible paradox to the reviewer." And it may be added that by a curious mental paradox a late noted theologian wrote a book proving that you are not a good Christian if you deny psychic manifestation between the years 1500 B. C. and 100 A. D., and then proving that you are not a good Christian if you *admit* these manifestations at any other period of the world's history whatsoever!

But why confine the miraculous to the historic period of the Bible canon? If the moral occasion is present why not a miracle today? Of course it must be remembered that these reversals of nature's routine have been manifest only at some extraordinary crisis in the moral history of the race. There were hundreds of years during Bible times when there was no "open vision." The old idea of

evolution by slow, gradual and imperceptible progress has given way to the new conception of forward movements by leaps and crises. It now appears characteristic of both natural and moral history that there should be long periods of comparative quiescence followed by some new crisis marked by a fresh outflow of divine energy. These colossal emergencies, when a thousand years are as one day and one day as a thousand years, these extraordinary moral situations are the background of the supernatural. Soldiers tell us about the bitter horror of the front line trenches, and whisper of a White Comrade who appeared to soothe and sustain. Well, perhaps he did. Why not? Heineman, the publisher, gave a dinner to the late lamented Shackleton before his last fatal voyage to the dreadful South Seas. And in the course of that dinner, before a company of noted guests, this hard-headed practical English explorer said, "I know that during that long and racking march of thirty-six hours over the unnamed mountains and glaciers of South Georgia it seemed to me we were four and not three. I said nothing to my companions on that point, but afterwards Worsley said to me, 'Boss, I had a curious feeling on the march that there was another person with us.'" And perhaps there *was* a fourth, even as in the burning fiery furnace, so in the bitter arctic desolation. Who shall say? At least who shall deny? Shall we curse this hard universe because Shackleton, in his bitter hour of need, was left alone; and then shut our eyes to any possible testimony that he may not have been left alone?

Of course such testimony can never be intellectually coercive. The force of its impact upon any investigator will depend largely upon his own inner life, upon his

character and his experience. And the testimony which the Bible brings to an invisible spiritual world sometimes breaking through the barriers of sense, will meet acceptance or rejection not by any possible critical evaluation of the testimony, but largely by the subjective attitude of the observer. We have all had certain subnormal moments when mechanical negations gripped us and would not let us go. In our better, truer experiences, however, when physical health was normal and the storm and stress passed by, the inner life instinctively but none the less surely reaches out toward spiritual reality, and will not be denied. When the lamp of vitality burns low then the pitiless grasp of physical routine hangs over the soul like a pall. But with restored mental and physical elasticity the verdict of materialism seems abnormal and wrong and impossible. As Professor James said, when we are normal we must reply to fatalism and pessimism in a single word, "Bosh."

It must be freely admitted, of course, that many wonders in the Bible narrative are not miracles in the strict sense of the definitions which we have proposed in this discussion. Yet even though reducible to some form of natural process, it is for the most part a process so sudden and hidden as to be entirely beyond human wisdom and power, unaided by divine intervention. They are, in a word, special providences of so striking a character as to furnish convincing proofs of divine intervention for moral ends. But I would file a caveat against the presumption that because a large area of Bible wonders are non-miraculous in the strict sense of the term, all should be included in the same category. The most dangerous thinking in the world is that which makes a rule estop its exceptions.

Says Mr. Chesterton: "The real trouble with this world of ours is not that it is an unreasonable world, nor even that it is a reasonable one. The commonest kind of trouble is that it is nearly reasonable, but not quite. Life is not an illogicality; yet it is a trap for logicians. It looks just a little more mathematical and regular than it is; its exactitude is obvious, but its inexactitude is hidden; its wildness lies in wait. I give one coarse instance of what I mean. Suppose some mathematical creature from the moon were to reckon up the human body; he would at once see that the essential thing about it was that it was duplicate. A man is two men, he on the right exactly resembling him on the left. Having noted that there was an arm on the right and one on the left, a leg on the right and one on the left, he might go farther and still find on each side the same number of fingers, the same number of toes, twin eyes, twin ears, twin nostrils, and even twin lobes of the brain. At last he would take it as a law: and then, where he found a heart on one side, would deduce that there was another heart on the other. And just then, where he most felt he was right, he would be wrong....Now, actual insight or inspiration is best tested by whether it guesses these hidden malformations or suprises. If our mathematician from the moon saw the two arms and the two ears, he might deduce the two shoulder-blades and the two halves of the brain, but if he guessed that the man's heart was in the right place, then I should call him something more than a mathematician. Now, this is exactly the claim which I have since come to propound for Christianity. Not merely that it deduces logical truths, but that when it suddenly becomes illogical, it has found, so to speak, an illogical truth. It not only

goes right about things, but it goes wrong, if one may say so, exactly where the things go wrong. Its plan suits the secret irregularities, and expects the unexpected. It is simple about the simple truth; but it is stubborn about the subtle truth. It will admit that a man has two hands, it will not admit the obvious deduction that he has two hearts....Whenever we feel there is something odd in Christian theology, we shall generally find that there is something odd in the truth."

I must therefore protest against the notion that because you have found an easy natural explanation for some Bible wonders you have accounted for them all. There are in the gospels, for instance, roundly speaking, something like forty-six events which may be set down as beyond the natural order. The record clearly goes back to the earliest sources of Mark and to the earliest sources of Luke. Attempts to explain away these records upon a natural basis have been pure conjectures. They have not been intellectually honest, but only attempts to read into the narrative something which no plain man would find in it unless he approached it with an *a priori* prejudice. At least fourteen of these wonders are attested by bodies of men greater or smaller in size. In the brevity of the time which elapsed between the event and the written record, in the character of the witnesses, in their sobriety, and even in their hardness of heart, in the fact that then as now there were critical Sadducees who made these stories run the gauntlet of skepticism from the very beginning, the testimony crystallizes in a form diametrically opposed to the typical myth.

Moreover, these miracles are beautifully consonant with the character of Christ, and in a fine and noble moral

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setting. They are characterized by an almost uncanny self-restraint, most often followed by injunctions of silence. They are never theatrical, never "staged," but were "surprised" out of the Master by the impulse of His love. The pages of the gospels are crowded with naïve, undesigned and indirect reference to these miracles. Fourteen times Jesus himself refers to them indirectly. Six times the people refer to them. Four times the priests make reference to them. Fifteen times the evangelists refer to them indirectly.

They are a necessity to the explanation of the history of that period. The disciples, overwhelmed in disgrace and shame with the common malefactor's death of their Lord, are suddenly transformed into unconquerable heroes thrilling with irresistible confidence and joy. A miracle would explain this. Without it we face a hopeless enigma. To estimate this evidence we must further consider the sober sincerity of the narrative, utterly impossible either to a forger or a fanatic; the amazing uniqueness of Jesus' character, as impossible of imagination as of imitation; the history and literature of centuries past which had related themselves to a great miraculous outcome and which would be meaningless if that consummation were false; the later history of the world which the late Senator Cushman K. Davis declared absolutely demanded a belief in the supreme miracle of the resurrection, or else left the philosophy of the last two thousand years an unexplainable jumble. All these must be evaluated. To some men's minds they will bulk largely; in others they will seem only mystical moonshine. "The multitude therefore, that stood by, and heard it, said that it had thundered: others said, An angel

hath spoken to him." As two thousand years ago, so today, materialism will analyze the thunder, and spiritual experience will be tuned to hear the voice.

Through it all runs the immense probability that God will reveal Himself in answer to the longings of men. And that probability weighs today as never before. For with all our frivolity and our selfishness and our hardness of heart, men do long for Him in this modern age, and cry, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." Says Mr. George Bernard Shaw, "The Church has failed infamously, but just at present there are probably more people who feel that in Christ is the only hope of the world than there ever were before in the lifetime of men now living." And the Christ for whom the world longs is the miraculous Christ, not the pious young Jew, defeated and impotent, whom blind rationalism pictures. If Christ be not risen he is as helpless as all the rest of us. Said the late Franklin K. Lane, that noble-minded statesman whose public service embodied Christlike ideals for which he longed pathetically but could never reach intellectually: "The only miracle that I care about is the resurrection. If we live again, we have reason for living now." On that great central miracle hang all our social progress and all our hopes of a better civilization. Only the risen Christ can cope with the wrongs and shames of a sunken world. Only the risen Christ can give us courage to face the unexplored country.

"Because I know the spark
Of God hath no eclipse,
Now Death and I embark
And sail into the dark
With laughter on our lips."

III

PRAYER AND EFFICIENCY

TEXT: The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working.—*James* 5:16.

The most significant thing about the teachings of Jesus concerning prayer is that He never argued for it, but always assumed it. He never said, "If ye pray," but rather, "When ye pray." He never taught that men *should* pray whether they will or not, but rather that they *will* pray whether they should or not. He recognized the outreach and the uprush of the soul toward God as an instinct deeper and larger than logic, an instinct so universal, so spontaneous, and so compelling that it needed not so much justification as direction. He saw, as Renan put it, that, fundamentally, men are incurably religious, and that no matter how this deep instinct of the human soul may be thwarted, checked, frozen out or fattened out, it can never be entirely destroyed.

In sober truth one might paraphrase a favorite epigram of Mr. Lincoln and say that some men pray always and all men pray some time: or at least that many men pray habitually, most men pray occasionally, and practically all men will pray in a pinch. It is related of David Hume that coming home one night he fell into a bog, and entreated an old lady who happened to be passing by to help him out. She had known David all her life, and agreed to assist him upon one condition, namely, that he

should say the Lord's Prayer. The story goes that the celebrated Scotch doubter did repeat the prayer with considerable unction, whatever may have been the motives back of its use. And there come times in the life of the stoutest atheist, even though he has shouted from the housetops the reckless defiance of Faust,—

> "Neither scruples nor doubts come now to smite me,
> Nor hell nor devil can longer affright me,"—

when he is impelled by a supreme sense of need and a compelling inner urge to lift his despairing cry to the very God whom he has mocked and flouted. You tell me a man is an atheist, and in reply I ask you, "When?" Do you remember that dramatic passage in Victor Hugo's story "Ninety-Three," when the ship was well-nigh wrecked in the storm and the dark by the unloosing of the monster cannon which careened around its deck? And the lieutenant said to the captain, "Chevalier, do you believe in God?" "Yes—no, sometimes." "During a tempest?" "Yes, and in moments like this." "God alone can save us from this."

And what the great artist thus depicts, the humblest pastor knows as a fact of commonplace experience. Men who under serene and untroubled skies have vaunted their own self-sufficiency and, in the phrase of Comte, have bowed God from the frontiers of the universe with polite recognition of past favors but as no longer necessary, come in periods of storm and stress to the place where they must either invite Him back or confront insanity.

> "'There is no God,' the foolish saith,
> But none, 'There is no sorrow';
> And nature oft the cry of faith,

> In bitter need will borrow.
> Eyes which the preacher could not school
> By wayside graves are raisèd,
> And lips say, 'God be pitiful,'
> Who ne'er said, 'God be praisèd!'"

Now the logic of Jesus is perfectly simple. If this is the great emergency recourse of all men, the business of a wise soul is to become so schooled in its use that when the emergency comes he may know how to get the most out of it. I remember very well how the patient gentleman who taught me to drive an automobile refused to trust me alone in the crowded streets of a great city until I had reached the point where it became instinctive to do the right thing in an emergency. To Jesus, prayer was not a mere pious exercise; it was an efficient power to be mastered and used. Its mastery required constant practice. Therefore we were to use it habitually. "Pray without ceasing." While there were social forms of prayer, fundamentally it was an individual communion between the soul and God, and we must therefore accustom ourselves to privacy in praying. "Enter into thine inner chamber." It is an infinitely delicate act and must not be distracted. Therefore we must study the art of detachment. "Shut the door behind thee." Not any material door necessarily. To "shut the door" means developing the capacity to bar out that which might distract our communion with God. Witness the despairing cry of Hamlet's uncle:

> "My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
> Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

Then we are to study concentration in prayer. "Pray to thy Father who is in secret." The most difficult and yet

the most blessed practice imaginable is to develop an ability for communion with an invisible friend and helper, learning to say, "whom not having seen ye love." Moreover, Jesus at a single stroke clears away much popular fallacy about unanswered prayer, for he promises not so much answer as "recompense." "Thy Father who seeth in secret shall recompense thee." Much of our difficulty about unanswered prayer comes through our expectation of an outcome in the exact and concrete terms of our asking. What is really promised may not at all be in the exact and concrete terms of the asking, but in a spiritual equivalent, a compensation. Paul prayed that his thorn in the flesh might be removed, and his prayer was answered by recompense. "My grace is sufficient for thee." This is not to say that prayers are never answered in the concrete terms of the asking. But it is to say that it would be folly to limit our thought of the efficiency of prayer to these concrete answers. They are only the smallest segment of the great results that follow on the trained use of this staggering spiritual power. It brings results exceeding abundantly above all that we are able to ask or even to think. "The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working." And a free paraphrase might still further bring out the full strength of the original—"The prayer of a righteous man is exceedingly powerful in its efficiency."

Well, what does it accomplish? Let us be concrete and let us be frank.

First of all, undoubtedly prayer does something *in us.* Men of all shades of belief and unbelief have admitted this. Unbelievers have called it self-hypnotism, and to some believers it represents the highest and truest and

perhaps the only efficient result of prayer. But however we view it, the fact remains certain that the habit of fellowship with God will bring poise and power into any life. So assured has this become that great physicians have taken scientific account of it in their dealing with patients. It is one of the pearls of truth that one might dig up in that very muddy theological oyster bed which we call Christian Science. Association *does* beget assimilation. We do grow like that which we study, and like those with whom we have fellowship. "We all with unveiled face beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit." However you account for it, there are men and women who go about among their fellow men with faces shining like that of Moses when he came down from the mountain, and shining for the same reason.

But is this all? Have we exhausted the efficiency of a righteous man's supplication by pointing out the great beautiful truths, which we shall all recognize, of the transformation wrought in his own inner life? There are many good Christian men and women who believe this is all, or who at least believe that this is sufficient. They think of prayer as the rope which connects the great ocean liner with the little rowboat. The passengers in the rowboat, by pulling on that rope, cannot budge the liner, but can bring themselves nearer to it. Does prayer, in a word, produce anything outside of ourselves which would not otherwise have been there?

Let me record my earnest personal conviction that prayer does something *for* us as well as something *in* us. I know men have such an idea of the majesty of

God and of the uniformity of nature that in these days it is rather repellent to us to suppose that the Almighty should be bothered with trifles, or that nature's majestic routine should be in any wise influenced by the desires of one of God's humble children. And we may freely admit the dignity and majesty of that great conception which science has taught us of the uniformity of nature. But ultimately the basis of all such uniformity is in the will of God. And prayer as a real cause bringing real results is no more a violation of cosmic law than the use of any other means to an end. It is only our poor human idea of greatness which impels us to suppose that because God is so great He cannot be concerned by small things. The world of the microscope reveals the same precise intelligence as the world of the telescope. Electrons swing as accurately as fixed stars. God is infinite in minuteness as well as in vastness. He heeds the sparrow's fall, and the hairs of our heads are numbered. There was once a very young minister who spoke on prayer at a certain conference of religious workers. And he said, "It would be a very vulgar idea to suppose that a hungry man should pray and then go out to find a leg of mutton hanging by the back door." Perhaps the vulgarity of that conception of prayer would depend a good deal on how hungry the man was. You will remember how Jesus looked out over a multitude; and that is, as you know, a very "vulgar" sight. The Latin *vulgus* which gives us our English word has its origin from just that kind of vision. Jesus looked out over that crowd and saw that they were hungry; and he did not think it a trifle, beneath His dignity, to feed them.

Mind you, this is not to say that always, or perhaps

often, do these concrete answers to prayer come. It would be very disastrous to our spiritual lives if concrete answers to prayer became immediate, habitual, and automatic. We would soon begin to pray on the purely commercial basis, subject to the sneer of Satan in the drama of Job, "Doth Job serve God for nought?" It would not do to let the morning prayer take the place of the order to the butcher. But on the other hand it would be equally disastrous if no concrete answer ever came to the prayers of God's people. That would mean despair. And if someone says that in a world of uniformity no concrete answer to prayer could be given without violating the plan of God and the uniformity of nature, I have only to reply that everything will depend upon whether you think of this world as mechanical or spiritual. If it be a mere mechanical uniformity then you are right. But if the supreme power in this universe is the power of mind, then prayer, which is only the unloosing of spiritual energy, takes its place along with any other form of energy. In that light it would be as futile and foolish to deprecate prayer as an interference with the uniformity of law as it would be to deprecate the planting of our crops, the lighting of a fire in the grate, or the unloosing of the electric energy that moves the trolley car or lights the building. Prayer is only a great spiritual cause which we can use, if we will, to produce results.

If anyone asks proof of this, let me say in all frankness that there are no final proofs. To an evil and adulterous generation shall no sign be given. For no sign would convince such a generation. There is no compelling and universal argument which will constrain such a man to believe. The great things by which we live, the things

which are worth while, are not compulsory in an intellectual sense. When Professor Tyndall proposed that one ward of a hospital should be prayed for and another should not be prayed for, and science should check up on the results, he was making a proposition utterly inconsistent with and abhorrent to the whole spirit of Christianity. This is not a matter of scientific proofs, but of inner experience. Let me only express my personal conviction that there are such responses to prayer, so concrete, so definite, that no sane man could possibly attribute them to mere coincidence. Again and again it seemed as though the prayer went unanswered; though there was an answer higher and nobler than we knew. But here and there, standing out sharp and clean-cut, like bold mountain peaks of memory, I see occurrences so definitely related to prayer as a cause, that to break that relationship would be to me as though we denied the relation between the sowing and the reaping of a crop.

"God answers prayer. Sometimes when hearts are weak
He gives the very gifts believers seek;
But often faith must find a deeper rest,
And trust His silence when he does not speak,
Since he whose name is Love will do the best:
Stars may burn out, nor mountain walls endure,
But God is true, His promises are sure
To all who seek."

Is this all? Have we even now exhausted the fullness of prayer's efficiency? Has this great energy of which James speaks reached its ultimate limit? Jesus taught us that there was a farther step. Prayer not only does something *in us* and something *for us,* but something *through us* for others. This is the very background of these words

of James. It is the efficiency of prayer for concrete results in the lives of others which is here urged. Jesus taught us the same great lesson in His story of the midnight visitor coming unexpectedly to the poor man's home. And that host, made desperate by his own need and by the oriental laws of hospitality, goes up to his rich neighbor's, rouses him out of his sleep, and addresses him as "Friend," saying, "Friend, lend me three loaves: for a friend of mine is come to me from a journey and I have nothing to set before him." There was Jesus' picture of what we call intercessory prayer. A man pleading his friendship with his neighbor, and his friendship with a guest, to establish a relation between the two so that his rich neighbor might supply food to his guest. The basis of intercessory prayer must be in the fact that we are friends of God and friends to those for whom we pray. And the conception of our text is that this relationship in prayer for others is the basis of genuine power. It is not simply laying hold on God's power for our friends. It is unloosing a power that God can use for them. When some man comes to you in the midnight of doubt or need or sorrow, and you feel your own helplessness to do anything for him, Jesus said in substance, "There is supreme power, if you can lay hold of God as your friend, to help your neighbor who is also your friend."

And in this glorious conception of power unloosed for the service of others, time and space play little part. If we have learned anything out of phenomena like that of the radio and the amazing revelation of hidden powers in the ether, we have learned enough to estop all doubt that the invisible energy of a human soul in fellowship with God may flash around the world to bring help and uplift

to those we love. Staggering to believe, but not more staggering than the marvels of modern science which have become accepted commonplaces of everyday life! Unlimited time could be taken in the recounting of instance after instance where our plain common sense would testify to a definite relation between intercessory prayer and concrete results that girdled the globe. I shall not do so, because in the last analysis our faith in this power must be founded upon experience and not upon argument.

The message will have fulfilled its hoped-for purpose if only we are stimulated to think of prayer, not as a weak and vapid pious exercise, but if rightly used, as a source of contact with the greatest energy known to the human soul—the energy of that soul itself touched and quickened by the divine energy of the Father of spirits. Surely if there are those who look upon prayer as something weak and effeminate, only a little glimpse of history should suffice. Washington at Valley Forge! Abraham Lincoln pacing to and fro through the long night after Chancellorsville! These were great high priests of our national history, who bore our sins and our needs at the throne of Almighty God and who, in the tremendous energy of intercessory prayer, carried us safely through the supreme crises of our history. Chinese Gordon, who never feared the face of man, wrestling in prevailing prayer before his God! Stonewall Jackson, of whom it was said that God Almighty took him because that mistaken but mighty man of prayer was a real spiritual obstacle in the way of saving the Union! You remember how the poet soldier of the Confederate Army described Jackson at prayer:

"Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
Old Massa's going to pray!
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention!—It's his way,
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis, to God:
'Lay bare Thine arm! Stretch forth Thy rod!
Amen!'—That's Stonewall's Way."

We think of General Foch, who every day went into a little chapel for prayer before he began its stern military routine. We call to mind Lord Kitchener, who used to go around the corner every noon and kneel for a few moments in a little church, that there he might find strength to carry the terrible burdens of the World War. They tell us that when the German Army, triumphantly sweeping down toward Paris, was first stopped and rolled back at the Marne, the message announcing their defeat came to the war office when only Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts were present. The former read the telegram, and with that usually stern, impassive face working with emotion, he handed it to his colleague; and Lord Roberts said, "I can't understand this, I can't account for it." And Lord Kitchener replied, "Somebody has been praying."

A recent conference of big business men in a Canadian city discussed the problem of power throughout that great country. They are to develop and distribute the unused water power of her magnificent rivers and her majestic falls. For they said, "The demand for power is far in excess of the supply." So with the Church of God and with our lives. We need great leaders, we need great preachers, we need big finances, we need strong organiza-

tion. But over all and above all we need the thing which the disciples sought when in days gone by they came humbly to the Master to say, "Lord, teach us to pray." The demands upon us call for power far in excess of our present supply. And the power is there. Only we have failed to utilize and develop our resources. Mr. Chauncey Depew in his autobiography relates the story of how loving hands bore murdered Lincoln's body to its final resting place. He was on the funeral train as it passed slowly, through the melancholy night, from Albany to Buffalo. Along practically every mile of the track, men, women and children were gathered in all night vigil. And the dead chief was borne through one continuous prayer meeting from the beginning to the end of the journey.

Some day our greater Chieftain, not dead but alive for evermore, will move not toward the tomb but toward His World Throne. And He, too, will move stately and victorious, upborne by the love and devotion of the countless hosts who love Him and who have learned to pray.

IV.

THE FORGOTTEN SECRET OF ZEST

TEXT: Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?

—*Matthew* 5:13

The tragedy of our modern world is not its lack of enjoyments but its lack of enjoyment. Most of us have the raw material of gladness without the spirit or ability to develop the finished product. The irritatingly optimistic Pollyanna irks us by insistence on our being happy at the expense of our intelligence. But many intelligent people insist upon being miserable at the expense of everyone around them. It would be startling and disheartening if we came to realize how many men and women there are of middle age and beyond, in fairly comfortable circumstances, to whom existence means nothing more than just going on; wondering betimes whether there is much *use* in going on. A good many years ago I came across a beautiful little waltz, instinct with the joy of living, written by the great Russian, Tschaikowsky. It was the exuberance of the man's youth and health and strength breaking out into irresistible song. In later years I have known what it was to have the very heart strings torn under the spell of his immortal swan song, the "Pathetic Symphony," called by many the "Suicide Symphony" because of its intense and morbid sadness.

And in the second movement I seemed to hear this great musician trying to sing again the jaunty little waltz song of his youth. The same general movement—something of the same melody—but this time the waltz will not go. It is halting, broken, irregular, wild, reckless, elfin-like—infinitely more sad than if he had not tried to be gay.

What a symbol of our lives! Can there be anything more pathetic than the spectacle of a man in whom the joy of living has long since flickered out, trying to sing again the songs of his youth?

We are so often deceived by mere outward appearances. Because this age has made so much of the machinery of enjoyment, we think it must be a joyful age. We forget that men may make much of the machinery of enjoyment in a futile attempt to stimulate an atrophied capacity of soul. If we have the inner joy of living we do not need the machinery. The tragedy of the world is not the absence of beauty, of joy, of humor, but the absence of zest to realize them and to respond to them. If we have no living inner joy then we are compelled to increase the outer stimulus. If we have that spontaneous wellspring within, little stimulus is needed. Wordsworth, awakened by the meanest flower that blows, and roused to thoughts that lie too deep for tears; Smeathem, finding inexhaustible beauties in his own back yard; Thoreau, thrilling to the animate beauty of the woods; Tennyson, peering into the lily-studded brook, crying, "What an imagination God has!", Walt Whitman, brushing shoulders with the common life of the common men whom he loved, and rejoicing to be such an "incredible god" in a world of miracles; —these had no need of moving picture melodrama, of luxuriant Roman feast, or of sensuous oriental dances, to

galvanize the jaded senses into a forced and pitiful simulation of pleasure.

There never were more varied forms of entertainment than we have today. But these are not evidences of inner enjoyment. They are rather evidences of inner monotony. We must have something fresh in amusements because we have nothing fresh in our inner lives. We must stimulate our appetities since they have grown jaundiced and jaded.

Hence the feverish search for new thrills in amusement. Certain daring forms of modern dancing, for instance, by their very names suggestive of animal origin and animal appeal, are constantly changing. Every season some new form of sensual contortion must be devised, if possible a trifle more risqué than the last. This indicates not so much enjoyment as a desperate effort to stimulate outworn sensibilities. Many people exercise their activities in this direction, not so much for the love of the thing itself, as for a temporary means of escape from a life that has grown gray and dreary. It is quite certain that often men who drink do so to escape monotony, and that drug addicts are seeking in the poppy garden of opiates an artificial zest in living because the natural zest of life has long since gone. Sometimes I seem to see our vast amusement buildings erected as monuments to human ennui and universal world weariness. The millions of dollars invested in these enterprises are a golden tribute to the blasé gods of gloom and monotony.

Babylon, Rome, or Broadway—the story is always the same. And Matthew Arnold told it:

"On that hard Pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell.
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.

"In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay;
He drove abroad, in furious guise,
Along the Appian Way.

"He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crown'd his hair with flowers—
No easier nor no quicker pass'd
The impracticable hours."

And now we are ready for our message: "Ye are the salt of the earth." That is Jesus' wonderful pungent figure by which at a single touch He unfolded a supreme phase of Christian life. What is the business of salt? To furnish zest. Without it the things we eat would be stale and flat. And these men had the salt, the zest of life. They had found it in Christ and in the vision and insight which they had caught from Him. He had given them faith and hope and love. In him they had become little children. And the supreme characteristic of a little child is that very zest of life which we envy but cannot imitate. The imperative formula of the little baby is, "Do it again," long after the exercise has grown weary to the adult—because the baby has the zest which we have lost. A baby is constantly encoring what seems to us a very dull performance. He wants the same thing over, while we—God help us—grown outworn and weary, are constantly demanding something new. In this sense children are ingrained conservatives. Paul called the Deity "the happy God." He never grows tired or outworn. He repeats

Himself but never wearies. Mr. Chesterton has suggested that through endless routine of nature, through the "intricate and bright device of days and seasons" and centuries, God is continually saying, "Do it again"—the unwearied Author of Life is ever encoring His own performance. He looks on His own work and sees that it is very good.

The indwelling life of God, then, is the true secret of zest. But these words indicate that men do try to find that secret in ways that are false and illusory. There is a salt that has lost its savor. There is a pitiful imitation of joy which ends in darkness. Nothing but the indwelling life of God will do the work. All other stimuli are salt that has lost its savor and that is good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men. The stimulus that comes from without, from environment, from the trappings and appurtenances of pleasure, ends where that royal experimenter of the Old Testament ended, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." It ends with the melancholy of Hamlet: "I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors."

But when the thrilling life of the happy God abides in a man all ennui vanishes. A new flavor, a salty zest, is found in each commonplace experience. The new man in Christ looks out with fresh eyes on a new world. All

things are become wonderful to him. When Saint Francis of Assisi had left his wealthy cultured home, had abandoned his aristocratic friends, had said goodbye to the things men call enjoyment, to wine and dancing and roistering and luxuriant feasts; had gone out without a penny in his pocket, without a roof over his head, or a square foot of land upon the earth that he could call his own; had gone out as the brother of the poor, a voluntary beggar, to share with his Lord the burden of the cross; he could ascend to one of his favorite mountain haunts and spend a week there upon those bleak cliffs, absolutely alone, and yet scarcely able to sleep for the thrilling happiness which overflowed every moment, radiant and splendid, tingling through every fiber of his being.

For Christ teaches us to know the world and our fellow men over against a personal background with a spiritual meaning and a joyful outcome. We are not the sport of blind chance, the creatures of hard mechanism. Back of us is a great, wise plan. All about us the currents of a steady progress toward a sublime goal—an increasing purpose running through the ages. And in front of us a destiny of unimaginable splendor and victory. We are characters of a thrilling drama, and the universe is our gorgeous stage setting. Nor is a mere intellectual interest in life our chief stimulus. We learn to love men and to love the world for the sake of men. This love transforms and transfigures the earth for the most stolid man who walks upon it. For him the world has new meanings; for him nature becomes God's unfolding, and all about him is the palpitating interest of God's handiwork. For him the sky is not brass, but blue and tender with the love of God. For him the woods and fields become

the tracery of a Father's hand. For him a "livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove." For him human life becomes an eternal drama and not the mere working of a chemical formula. For him history is a thrilling romance, wonderful in its beginnings, marvelous in its progress. And as he looks forward he finds a breathless interest in its outcome. No novel reader ever waited with greater eagerness for the dénouement of a thrilling plot than the child of God knows as he looks out toward the future and cries, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Now you can see how Christianity dispenses with some forms of amusement, not so much because it fights them as because it supersedes them. They are dropped as the child drops the kindergarten toys for the pleasures of the older years. We do not need them and we have lost our taste for them. I have played a good many games in my time, and I say to you today in all sincerity that there is absolutely no sport with half so thrilling an interest as the game of great world conquest for Jesus Christ. The only game that keeps you young has an eternal outcome. In all others death, the great umpire, calls the game on account of darkness. The curious thing about it is that pastimes which have no eternal aim make people old when they are young. The fun and zest that come to men in the great game of Christian service make people young when they are old. Men spoke pathetically of poor "old" Matthewson, who, after a long career on the baseball diamond, went staggering on toward the melancholy burdens of age and retirement at thirty-five. A few years ago I stood on the platform with a minister of the gospel and was uplifted while he prayed one of the sweetest, freshest, most childlike prayers I ever heard. It was

radiant with optimism, glowing with vigor, splendid in courage. The man had just passed his ninety-fifth birthday. Lord Byron as a young man, with wealth and social position and genius and fame, sang:

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of Love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!"

But here is an old man, sick, imprisoned, ready to die, who can cry: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me at that day." Here is the true Christian zest of life. Here is robust, full-throated optimism to which death itself is a negligible incident of a larger life.

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor
be afraid!'"

Now not only does the Christian have this zest of living, but he gives it. He is the salt of the earth. There is somehow a very foolish idea that the mission of Christianity is to make bright things dull. On the contrary, I cannot think of how dull a place this world would have been if Christianity had not come into it. Do you not know, does not everybody know that when Jesus Christ came into this world both Rome and Greece were dying of

ennui? But the apostles went out into that blasé, weary world like fresh, eager children, thrilling with joy and interest and delight, looking upward and not down, looking forward and not back; and with them came a new zest, even to men who were not Christians. Have you ever realized that the problems that interest us most have been raised by Christianity? There is a merry little jest about theology being a dull topic. Now they do not know it, but there are more people interested in theology than in any other subject. The real interest which most men have in life rests on the moral interpretation of it. If there were no questions of right and wrong involved, there would be no particular interest in the late war, for there would be nothing to debate about; it would all reduce to a mathematical formula as bloodless as a chess game. The interest we have in all problems about women has been put into modern life by Christianity. Our great modern social questions have been given to us by Christianity. There are many today not professedly Christian who are turning to social service as a panacea for the weariness and monotony of living, who yet do not realize that Christianity has furnished this zest, has given them the salt of the earth to rescue their lives from utter staleness.

There is another phase to the matter. Salt is more than an agent to give zest. It preserves from decay. It is everywhere and always the enemy of putrefaction. How fitting a symbol of the life of God. It is that mysterious life in the body which arrests the process of decay that would otherwise disintegrate the organism. And it is the life of God in civilization which does the same thing. Sodom could have been saved if it had had enough of the

vital life of God in it. But what little salt there was had lost its savor, and the doom fell.

The great question which all thoughtful men are asking today is whether Christianity has retained enough vital power to save the world from decay and disaster. For whether men believe its doctrines or not, all unite in the confession that if the faith of Christ cannot save the world nothing can. And it preserves because it maintains the enthusiasm, the zeal and zest, for great ideals, without which the hope of the world is gone. This was the word of Jesus to his Church at Ephesus, "I know thy works, and thy toil and patience....But I have *this* against thee, that thou didst leave thy first love." The Church was ready to die when the zest had gone out. And the most alarming thing about these days in which we live is that a pall of cynicism seems to have settled down on this country after the fine glory of the zeal and enthusiasm which carried us through the war. We have lost our early love, and without it we die.

Men and women who profess the name of Christ are the salt of this weary, cynical, blasé post-war period in which we live. The phrases of selfish reaction are in the air. "Everybody is getting his, and I will get mine." Over many a life is written the sinister motto of the old Scotch house of Teviotdale, "Thou shalt want ere I want." Internationally we bluntly said to the world through our official representative in the great Anglo-Saxon empire across the sea, "We fought for ourselves only; for ourselves first, last, and always." We stand broadly in the councils of the nations as ready to participate far enough to care for our rights, but no farther. Our mission is to recreate the zest for the unselfish ideals without which we

would soon be on the road toward the doom of Prussia. Some of us may already have felt the breath of this enervating world weariness, and must find a more solid basis of happiness than any pursuit of pleasure can bring. The only permanent zest that life can give is in the will yielded to God and the body and mind dedicated to Him. The biggest, best game ever played is before us. Let us play it for Him. If we do this honestly, two things can be promised absolutely. For one thing we shall find for ourselves permanent joy in living.

And then we shall bring the saving salt, the true zest of life, to the world about us. Have you forgotten how little Pippa, in Browning's poem, had caught this secret joy that comes with the indwelling life of God? Poor and ignorant, a mill girl, without prestige or social standing or influence, she went out into the world with a song in her heart:

> "The year's at the spring
> And day's at the morn;
> Morning's at seven;
> The hillside's dew-pearled;
> The lark's on the wing;
> The snail's on the thorn:
> God's in His heaven—
> All's right with the world!"

And that song of the little mill girl "invaded the hall of the sensualist, it smote upon the ears of one who had been betrayed to the life of ignoble ease, it stole upon one who had been entangled in ways of treachery and dishonor," it pealed in the ears of men and women who, without God and without hope in the world, were going down the easy descent into the abyss. And wherever she went, men and women rose with their faces toward the

sky, and with new life purpose, started once more toward the celestial city. Something like that I think Jesus must have meant when He said, "Ye are the salt of the earth." Not a little section of it, but the whole earth. Weary, sin-sick multitudes across the seas are waiting for our hope, our courage, our love. We must give them the incentive that fights battles and wins victories.

An eye witness told me the story of that fateful day when it looked as though the Germans would break the allied line at Chateau Thierry. The French soldiers were despondent, despairing. The arrogant Prussian officers had gathered in triumph to see the German army sweep through that gateway, after that on to Paris, roll back the allied lines, crush England, and dictate terms of peace to the world! Then, in the very hour of despair, men caught the sound of distant music. By and by the gleam of rifles. The little band of Americans was marching to the front, singing as they went:

> "Over there—over there—
> Send the word, send the word over there—
> That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
> The drums rum-tumming everywhere—
> So prepare, say a pray'r—
> Send the word, send the word to beware—
> We'll be over, we're coming over,
> And we won't come back till it's over, over there!"

And the tide of battle turned. The gateway to Paris was closed. Civilization was saved from the Prussian menace.

But once again the world is well-nigh in despair. The enemy is coming in like a flood. Cynicism, selfishness, pessimism, suspicion, hatred—all the hell brood of human passions are threatening the gateways to the city of God.

Oh, for the enthusiasm, the glorious morale, of those American lads! Men and women are waiting for our faith, our hope, our courage, our unselfishness, our love. And we must carry it to the lands across the seas. We dare not fold our hands while the world burns. Ring it again, soldiers of the Cross!

"We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's over, over there."

V.

HEAVEN IN THE MAKING

TEXT: And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when it shall fail, they may receive you into the eternal tabernacles."
— *Luke* 16:9

Only a few years ago the air was full of voices which cried that the modern man is no longer interested in personal immortality. Dreams of blessed isles of the just, of golden streets and jeweled gates, were outworn. The day had gone by, they said, when the average listener thrilled to vague and mystical pictures of future beatitude. The practical demands of the living present were the heart of the "New Gospel." With ceaseless iteration popular writers and speakers rehearsed that well-worn epigram,—the most dangerous lie in the world because a half truth,—"Our business is not to get men into heaven, but to get heaven into men." And the critics of the Church declared the pulpit was failing because it proclaimed an other-world gospel at the expense of religion now and here.

Then came the shattering catastrophe of world war. Ten million young men, the very flower of the race, were hurled into the jaws of death. They passed through the dark portal, not as those who come down to the grave "like a shock of corn fully ripe," but stripling lads with "dreams of love upon their beardless lips." The world

was plunged into mourning. Everywhere the sensitive ear could hear the patter of falling teardrops. Mothers in all lands were like "Rachel, weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

Suddenly a crosstide swept over the surface of human thought. The modern man awoke to the discovery that he *was* interested in personal immortality,—as deeply, vitally interested as the singer who many centuries ago voiced the unutterable pathos of human longing in the 90th Psalm. A rationalized and scientific revival of spiritualism stirred the minds of thinkers both in England and America. Men like Myers, and Lodge, and Doyle, and Maeterlinck, and Flammarion, and Barrett, and Hyslop, either *in propria persona,* or by alleged messages from across the veil, became the prophets of the new order. And once more the church and the pulpit came under fire. The modern man who a few years ago blamed the minister for preaching too much heaven now criticised him for preaching too little. He was told on every hand that the wave of spiritism had resulted from the Church's neglect to give out a clear and unequivocal message concerning the future life; that the ministry had been dealing too much with petty social and community problems, and had failed to meet and answer the great eternal spiritual longings of men. Thus the bewildered preacher, who in a short range of years had been under indictment on exactly opposite and contradictory charges, learned once more how his Master must have felt when He cried to a critical and unspiritual generation: "We piped unto you and ye did not dance; we wailed, and ye did not weep."

But however this may be, the gospel preacher—who has known all along that his business is *both* to get men

into heaven and to get heaven into men, that his message is not one of this world only nor of the next world only, but is indeed a romance of two worlds,—interdependent and interpenetrating,—has now definitely to reckon with a new and intense interest in the future life. The world tragedy from which we are barely emerging has revealed once more how deep and permanent and insatiable is the human longing voiced by that pathetic cry in Tennyson's "Maud":

> "Ah Christ, that it were possible
> For one short hour to see
> The souls we loved, that they might tell us,
> What and where they be."

Two practical difficulties confront the modern man in any attempt to think sanely of the future life. The first is in his utter inability to realize the eternal value of a person. We look at humanity in the concrete—ignorant, crude, selfish, often abnormal, distorted, and perverted—to find ourselves confronted by the grim question, "Are humans after all worth preserving? Have they, in sober truth, 'survival value'?" We see a crowd as the young Quaker in "The Redemption of David Corson" saw it; and sometimes the faces, in stolidity and cunning and selfishness, seem well-nigh bestial. We think of the army of idiots, imbeciles, insane, morons and savages of varying degrees, and ask ourselves whether these can be sanely linked up with the thought of eternal existence.

Indeed, Professor William James, in his "Ingersoll Lectures on Immortality," at Harvard University, faces this difficulty as one of the supreme obstacles to belief in immortality. He meets it rather by a retort than by a reply. His retort is that the question of a man's survival

value will depend a good deal on whether you ask the man himself or someone else. Every one is likely to think that he himself is worth preserving, no matter what he may think of others. John Lord, the historian, in an early theological examination, was asked by his ultra-orthodox New England inquisitors whether he would be willing to be damned for the glory of God. John Lord's reply, which, by the way, ended his theological career, indicated that he was quite willing to have his inquisitors damned for the glory of God. Our pessimism regarding human survival value is seldom directed at ourselves, but uniformly at our neighbors.

But this, as I have indicated, was only a retort, not a reply. The real answer must lie in the undiscovered worth, the hidden possibilities of humanity. Just as seven-eighths of an iceberg lies below the surface of the water, so the vast bulk of human personality lies below the surface, even of one's self-knowledge. The poorest, shallowest human of your acquaintance may have below the line of consciousness eternal possibilities fitting him for an eternal life. Even the idiot, as Professor Myers points out, may be not at all a defective or limited personality, but perhaps a very wonderful and splendid personality trying to express itself through a defective instrument. When I heard that wonderful boy Heifetz play the violin it seemed like the last word in the noblest form of musical expression, next to the human voice. But put into the hands of Heifetz a violin broken or untuned, and even from him you will get discords. Ophelia, whom I consider the loveliest of all Shakespeare's creations, is lovely in spite of her insanity as she sings with a discordant broken note, "like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and

harsh." But might it not be that some day Ophelia will have the bells tuned up once more; that some day the idiot or the moron may express the infinite possibilities within him through a new and perfect physical instrument of expression? Professor Myers thinks so. The Christian believes it because he has this promise: that some day his body of humiliation will be displaced by a glorious body, a Christ-like body, an instrument without a flaw.

The other great practical difficulty in the way of sane thinking regarding heaven is in the constant tendency to judge realities within the narrow limits of the five senses. Show me a man who cannot believe in a heaven because he has never seen it, and I will show you one who would be compelled by parity of reasoning to deny much of the beauty and glory of the earth in which he lives. Modern physical science has revealed the utter futility, the narrow blindness, of the creed which cries, "Seeing is believing." I hesitate in the use of illustrations drawn from physical science—being all the more inclined to use such illustrations delicately and gingerly when I hear some of my scientific friends talking theology. But they tell us of the solar spectrum, with the sunlight broken up into its component colors—the red or the heat rays on one end, and the violet or chemical rays on the other end, while in between are the bands of intermediate color. In the violet end of the solar spectrum the vibrations of ether are very short and very rapid—some seven hundred and twenty-eight million million to the second. On the red end of the solar spectrum the vibrations are much longer in wave length, and slower,—only some four hundred and twenty-seven million million to the second. Now the eye can see all the vibrations between the violet end and the red end,

but it can see no farther, and on the basis of ordinary common sense observation we would say there is nothing more to be seen. Science, however, can show us pictures of colors taken outside the violet end of four times the rapidity of vibration, and outside the red end of three times the wave length. You cannot see them, but the physicist has proved that this is not because these colors are not there, it is only because of the narrow and limited range of the human eye.

In like manner the sounds you hear are not the only sounds of the natural world, but those alone which happen to lie within the range of the human ear. The normal ear will take in vibrations at the rate of thirty-five thousand a second, but if one goes very far above or very far below this standard the sound will become inaudible. Different ears may also vary in their adjustment to these vibrations. Professor Tyndall, walking with a friend in the field, complained of the shrill chirping of crickets which his friend could not hear. Do not assume that there is no celestial music because your ear cannot take it in. Do not measure the melody of the spheres by the deficiency of your receiving apparatus. Both in quality and in quantity music depends as much upon the auditor as upon the performer. A friend and teacher of college days used to tell of listening to concerts in company with Professor Karl Merz, the late gifted musician of The College of Wooster. And my friend said that while Karl Merz sat with the tears rolling down his cheeks under the touch of the great musical masters, she would sit wondering when the noises would cease so that she could go home.

Of music as of the Master's word it must be said, "He

that hath ears to hear, let him hear." For he, while others are insensate, echoes Tennyson's glorious Choric Song:

> "There is sweet music here that softer falls
> Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
> Or night-dews on still waters between walls
> Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass,
> Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
> Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
> Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies."

No, we shall never enlarge our minds and hearts to the possibilities of heaven till we have enlarged them to the possibilities of this earth, until we have realized that what we see and hear is only a little, trifling segment of reality. The Greek first reasoned about immortality, because of all the ancient peoples the Greek had his eyes and ears open to the glories of the world that now is. And modern science has brought a new emphasis to that noble reassurance of Paul, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Who was Jesus of Nazareth? Opinions, even of good men, will differ concerning the mystery of His person. But at this point all are agreed. Jesus could see beyond the red rays and the violet rays of the solar spectrum! Jesus could hear the music that lies above and below the thirty-five thousand vibration range of our dull ears! He moved through the invisible world as one who walks in his native atmosphere. He never condescended to argue for the future life, but always calmly assumed it. When He spoke about heaven it was with the ease of an expert

and the finality of an authority: and He looked on a doubter of the spirit world with sheer, stark amazement.

Nowhere does Jesus give a plainer and more comforting picture of the future life than in this inimitable story commonly known as the Parable of the Unjust Steward. Let us give to that great human tale modern terms and setting. Here was a superintendent who was in trouble with his employer. One day there came this order: "Take an inventory of the goods and balance the books. You are through. You are done. You are fired." Greatly disturbed, the man ponders what to do. He is economically unfit. He has lost all industrial adaptability. He can no longer do manual labor. He faces, moreover, infinite humiliation, as he must step down from the position of a superintendent to the place of a beggar on the street. So he resolves upon a plan of campaign. Whatever happens, he will make friends who will stand by him when his position is lost. Accordingly he calls in one of the firm's debtors. "How much do you owe? One hundred thousand dollars? Well, we will juggle the books a little and call that fifty thousand." Then to another, "How much do you owe? One hundred thousand dollars? Well, suppose we call it eighty thousand on the ledger." Thus he went on, making friends against that dread future when, with his position lost, he would be so sorely in need of them.

By and by his employer heard about it. Bear in mind it was not the Lord Christ who commended this unjust steward. It was "his lord," his employer, his owner, who as a business man could appreciate the shrewd trick, even though it was a dishonest one. And "his lord" chuckled when the scheme was revealed to him, and said, "Well, the rascal may be dishonest, but he is certainly shrewd."

And then Our Lord speaks. These dishonest men show more real foresight in providing for their future than was manifested by Christ's disciples. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." These crooks, though the range of their vision was short, had more foresight than His own followers. They, with the longer range of the infinite hereafter, should emulate, not the dishonesty, but the foresight, of this superintendent. We might fairly paraphrase the text thus: "I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when it shall fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations."

"Make to yourselves friends." That is heaven in the making. Anxious mourners often come to their pastors with an old question about the recognition of friends in heaven. Why, to Jesus the recognition of friends was the very stuff that heaven is made of. To him the first glimpse of the blessed future is the radiant vision of those whom we have loved long since and lost awhile. Heaven is interpreted in terms of friendship. We are enriching our future life every time we make a friend.

There is much critical curiosity because we have no light upon the place of a future life. Let us think of it as a state rather than a place. There may be many, many places, diversified conditions, infinitely varified localities. But the one constant factor, the blessed binding truth which runs through it all, is the thought of social groupings. For God's sake let us have done with this painful notion of heaven as a series of solemn-faced saints sitting in rows! Let us have done, too, with the idea of heaven ushering our loved ones immediately into the in-

timate fellowship of Socrates or Moses or David. I respect these ancient worthies, but in the nature of things I cannot love them as I do my own. I think they have gone on to further stages of spiritual evolution. I think they "fight on, fare ever there as here." I like to believe that while methods of communication across the generations will be infinitely easier, yet that our intimate fellowships will be with our own. I remember how dear old Dr. Cuyler used to say, "I don't want to go to heaven; I want to stay down here with the folks." But the beautiful assurance of Jesus is that when we go to heaven we stay with the folks, and that that is the very thing that makes it heaven.

You will instantly see with what infinitely tender wisdom Jesus turns our thought from the *place* to the *atmosphere* of the future life. The place without the atmosphere matters little. I went back to my birthplace not long ago. The house is still there, and the barn, and the fields, and the orchard, and the little stream where I used to play as a boy. But I came away sore and heavy hearted. The place was there, but the folks were gone. The location was nothing, the atmosphere was everything. As the words of the old song put it:

> "What's this dull town to me?
> Robin's not near."

You might picture heaven with golden streets and pearly gates and noble temples. It would be a dull town if those we loved were not there. How wisely and tenderly Jesus turns us from physical descriptions to spiritual atmosphere and to the one great splendid assurance which crowns it all, that our heaven is built by the hand of a Christ-like

love which adds new beauty and splendor to our celestial city every time we make a friend.

But why the talk of making friends by the use of money, and why is money spoken of on its evil side, as the "mammon of unrighteousness?" Partly because He was talking to publicans, and partly in playful reference to the unjust steward himself. Money to him had been the mammon of unrighteousness because he had used it dishonestly and selfishly. "Let us," says Jesus, "take this thing which in the hand of a bad man was the mammon of unrighteousness, and use it so honestly and so unselfishly that we can transform it into heavenly purposes. Emulating the foresight of the dishonest steward, let us replace his selfishness with unselfishness, so that the money he used so badly may by use be translated into the coin current of the banks of heaven."

Moreover, Jesus knew human nature well enough to realize how vital an "acid test" the use of money is in a Christian life. He does not think it the greatest of our possessions. In fact, in this very passage He counts it the "very least" of our possessions. But He assumes that if a man is faithful in the use of that which is least he will be capable of the same fidelity in the largest things of life. It is literally true that our use of money is one of the surest indications of the depth and intensity and fundamental honesty of our Christianity.

How homely and practical this makes our every thought of heaven. I referred at the beginning to criticisms of the Christian pulpit. Let us now admit that our preaching of the other world has often been mystical moonshine. He made it as practical as the signing of a check. When you fill it out in your business office the date points back to the

birth of Christ, and the object for which you write that check may point forward to the heaven that awaits you over yonder. Every day, at the desk or in the factory or the school, in business life, in social life, your heaven is in the making. Every time you determine whether the resources God has put in your hand shall be used unselfishly or selfishly, you are enriching or impoverishing the glory of future immortality. By the commonest deeds, by the cup of cold water, by the little help, by the Christlike spirit which brings us into Christlike fellowship, we are building up the riches that will await us beyond the veil.

I have been told that on a beautiful summer morning nearly a century ago a ship came into New York harbor, bearing on its deck an old man surrounded by a little company of friends. He perceived that the shore line was blazing with flags and decorations, and inquired the reason of it. His friends replied that New York was doubtless holding some patriotic celebration. As they drew nearer the booming of cannon and the music of bands was heard, and the old man's wonderment increased. His friends explained again that New York must be observing some great national holiday. And it is said that he inquired of them a little later if they knew some modest tavern where he might find entertainment in New York; and how he might make his way to Philadelphia—assuming with childlike anxiety that he must care for himself upon landing. But soon a little boat came out to meet them. The Mayor of New York, with a company of city and state officials, stepped on board and came forward to greet this old man. Utterly bewildered, he turned to his friends and said, "What does all this mean?" And they said, "Sire, do you not understand that the flags and the decorations,

the roaring of the cannon and the music of the bands and the greeting of these officials are for you?" And the old man, with tears streaming down his cheeks, said, "All this for me?"

Forty-seven years before, as a young man with wealth and rank, with a beautiful young wife, and every luxury and comfort—a boy of only nineteen—he had heard the trumpet call of human freedom from across the Atlantic. He had gone to his king for permission to come to America. The king had forbidden him, had even imprisoned him to prevent his departure. But the dauntless boy, escaping from his confinement, had stolen out of France in secret and sailed to America. He came to the Continental Congress and said, "Gentlemen, I do not want money; I do not want a commission; I only want the privilege of standing side by side with George Washington in his great fight for human freedom." And the Continental Congress had given him a place beside George Washington, and through those long, terrible years, side by side with his chief, the Marquis de Lafayette had risked all that a man holds dear, had risked his life again and again for the sake of America. Was it any wonder that when, forty-seven years later, he came back, every man, woman and child in this great country of ours was his friend?

You remember how Vachel Lindsey pictures General Booth entering into heaven? I would like to have seen Wilberforce or Charles Spurgeon or Dwight L. Moody enter heaven. What a scene, what a welcome, when a man who has served God and humanity is greeted by the great company of those whom he has helped and uplifted, and who have been bound to him by ties of love stronger than hooks of steel! Is there any life investment better

than this? Given first to Christ—Christ in us the hope of glory—then in the love of Christ let us serve humanity. "Make to yourselves friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when it shall fail they may receive you into heavenly habitations."

"How should I conceive
What a heaven there may be? Let it but resemble
Earth myself have known! No bliss that's finer, fuller,
Only—bliss that lasts, they say, and fain would I believe."

VI.

TRACKS LEADING BOTH WAYS

TEXT: For thou wilt not leave my soul to Sheol;
Neither wilt thou suffer thy beloved to see the pit.
—*Psalm 16:10* (marginal reading)

There is an old fable which relates the story of a fox hard-pressed by the hunters and coming to the mouth of a great cave. According to the cunning custom of his kind he studied the situation. He observed the tracks of many foxes leading into the cavern, and inferred that others had sought refuge there; but he noted, too, that while the tracks were numerous, they were all leading one way. All were pointing inward. None led out. Shrewdly judging that, while he might easily enter, the chances were that the cave held some devouring monster which would destroy him, he passed on in search of other refuge.

The old fable, in one aspect at least, suggests the situation of the human race. Hard pressed in the great conflict of life, we are confronted by a dark and gloomy cavern which men call death. The primitive mind pictured it as Sheol, the underworld of the dead, a realm of half lights and negative existence, so that the melancholy verdict of the ancient world was summed up in the voice which cried that it were better to be a slave on earth than a king among the shades. But we have no option. When the day comes we must enter whether we will or no. And we observe that the tracks are all leading one way. It

it indeed the "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns." The footsteps of our well-beloved are always pointed in, never out. On and on moves the vast concourse of humanity, that company inconceivably immense, human hearts like muffled drums beating funeral dirges to the grave! *Ubi sunt qui ante nos?* None come back to tell us how they fare!

Ever since the dawn of history the human mind has grappled with the great problem suggested here. Indeed, the earliest traces of humanity upon this globe show with pathetic clearness that the mind of man has been busy with this solemn interrogation ever since self-conscious intelligence began. And still we confront it, unsatisfied, yet unresting, ignorant, yet insatiable. What shall we say about it today, we who are passing down toward the cavern, we who have eagerly searched for traces but have failed to find an indication of footsteps coming back from the undiscovered country? Let us face the question frankly and fearlessly, without deceiving ourselves, without being diverted from the track of stern thinking by the warmth of our desires; and yet let us face it as those who know that the meanings of life are larger than all our little logic-chopping systems can take in; and that there may be truths so vital and elemental as to be too large for our syllogisms and too glorious for our narrow vision.

It is fair to say, first of all, that if we see no tracks leading away from the tomb, yet this fact is not at all conclusive evidence that there is no way out. When you enter a cave there is nothing to prove that the entrance you use is the only exit. There may be others, opening not upon the landscape which you have just left, but leading you out even to a fairer country and a lovelier prospect.

The mere fact that there is no exit from the grave back to this life which we are now leading, is by no means a proof that there is no outlet toward a better life.

This significant consideration, then, is our starting point. If modern science cannot prove for us that there is a future life, it is equally sure that all the results of modern scientific investigation fail to prove its impossibilty. I am very well aware of the fallacy and the folly involved in quoting "modern science" as though its voice were always consistent, harmonious, and unmistakable. There are many jangling scientific voices. And we could undoubtedly find scholars in this field who would dogmatically deny the possibility of a future life. But we speak here of the scientist at his best. We think of the kindly, constructive type, human like ourselves, loving humanity and hopeful for it, yet sternly consecrated to the truth as he sees it. We think of that scientist who most resembles the wise and strong and kindly physician, hoping for the best but knowing the worst, and too kind to be anything but frank. I believe this represents the large majority of earnest scientific investigators in the modern world, and if they could speak to us, their message would be something like this: "We cannot undertake to furnish you rigorous scientific proof of immortality. It lies beyond our field. Our business is to study physical relationships in the light of pure reason. The study of immortality involves those great spiritual considerations which we are not fitted to evaluate. But we can help you at least thus far, in that we find nothing in physical science which forbids you to cherish the belief in personal immortality."

It is true that fifty years ago physical science seemed

to find a barrier in the dependence of consciousness on the functioning of the brain. Without the normal activity of the brain cells consciousness was impossible; therefore it was hastily assumed that the brain produced the consciousness, and that what it had thus produced must necessarily end at death. But it was soon seen, as Professor William James pointed out, that this function of the brain might be one of production, or it might be one of transmission. Cerebral activity might be in a sense the cause of thought, or it might be the effect of it. The curtain shakes when the wind blows. Take away the curtain and the wind might blow still, but you would not be aware of it. The pipe in the organ functions to produce the music, but this is a function of transmission; back of it is the air from the bellows, and back of that the energy of the player. It is conceivable that back of the brain lies the energy of a spiritual personality which in some way stimulates the activity of the physical organ. Or, to change the figure a little, the brain may be the instrument upon which the spiritual personality plays, and when the instrument is broken and destroyed, the player may find another one. This fits finely with Saint Paul's dream of this present body of humiliation displaced by a better body, a body fitted to spiritual uses. He conceived that the present player would some day have a better instrument through which to express himself, that one might throw his five-dollar fiddle on the scrap heap and learn to make melody on a priceless Stradivarius.

This view is, to put it at the very lowest, equally tenable with the other, and there are not wanting considerations tending to make it far more tenable. For instance, biologists tell us that human thought uses only one lobe of the

brain. If the brain automatically produced thought would it not be likely that both hemispheres would function in this way? Is it not the more probable that the mysterious spiritual energy which for want of a better name we call personality, has taken up and trained one half of the brain to its purpose, leaving the other half to control the purely mechanical processes of one side of the body? Dr. William Hanna Thompson, the noted author of "Brain and Personality," has declared that this personal energy has even shown its ability, in case of injury to one area of brain cells, to take up and train other brain cells to its purpose. So that the scientist reassures us in this verdict, that far from finding personal consciousness absolutely dependent on the function of the brain, there are not wanting hints showing it to be a power capable of adapting and using other media of expression as it has adapted and used the brain.

While unquestionably our attitude toward the results of psychic investigation should be one of caution and reserve, yet enough has been discovered in this field to assure us of the communication between mind and mind, independent of the sense media and of ordinary physical causation. Granted that they are all mundane minds, still the case against a physical basis for thought is unassailable. All that we are learning in this mysterious field ranges the scientist on the side of spiritual interpretations in mental science.

Moreover, science will give us an additional encouragement in a study of the upward movement in nature. We shall find nature working steadily toward a goal which apparently is individual personality, and in this process the method seems to involve the preservation of that which

has gained survival value. But this preservation is accomplished, not by leaving it in its old environment, but by lifting it into a new and better one. In this great process death is the servant of life. It continually assists in breaking up the old environment and freeing survival value for new and more fitting environment. The seed must die that the life of the plant may come to its full beauty and fruition. And it is a strictly scientific analogy which prepares us to believe that death may come as the servant of life, breaking up the old imperfect bodily environment that it may free the soul with its eternal survival value; free it for a higher and nobler setting. This may be no more than analogy, and may carry us only to the border of probability, but it is strictly scientific analogy, and out of it emerges an equally scientific probability.

There is an additional encouragement in the study of identity and memory. I can remember my third birthday. Certain scenes and incidents of that day are as clear to me as though it had been yesterday. Yet the scientist has now shown me that this memory and personal identity have persisted through scores of different brains, so far as mere physical identity is concerned. There has never been any possible explanation of this on the basis of materialism. On the contrary, it points with undeniable clearness to a personal identity in some form of spiritual energy which has taken up and trained the successive brain cells to their task.

Consider, too, the immense encouragement that has come through the modern analysis of matter itself, an analysis which has broken down the atom into the electron, and has given a conception of physical ultimates,

not in terms of hard, stable substance, but of fluid energy. At the very basis of the electron lies a concept much nearer the energy of mind than the energy of mechanics. We feel ourselves approaching that mightiest force in all the world, personal energy aware of itself. And the more nearly we approach that, the stronger becomes the presumption that, by the law of the conservation of energy, personality can never be destroyed.

These may be set down as mere probabilities. There has been much contemptuous reference in these latter times to "scientific guesses." It may be worth while for us to remind ourselves that most scientific holdings were guesses at the beginning. A guess grows into a possibility and a possibility into a working hypothesis. Feed a guess with enough indications and hints,—look you, it begins to expand into a working theory. All proofs are more or less relative. The sole question about a given theory is whether the balance of probabilities is for it rather than for any other view, whether it satisfies more data and avoids more difficulties than any other.

In this sense it is strictly conservative to say that reverent modern scientists are expanding for us a line of probabilities which, as the years go by, will, I believe, deepen and color into trustworthy convictions that life shall live for evermore. Have we not reached that time when the age-long attitude of suspicion between the scientific investigator and the spiritual investigator should have an end? God help us to understand that the reverent scientific man is our friend and not our enemy. We ought to meet him, not with suspicion, but with sympathy and confidence. The very motto upon the seal of The College of Wooster is our guide. The truths revealed

in the Bible and those truths revealed by the telescope and microscope are for us "ex uno fonte," from one fountain. If the day should ever come when we say to a young man or to a young woman, "Take your choice. Either give up your book of physical science or surrender your Bible," we would be false to the traditions of those noble clear-visioned men who laid broad and deep the foundations of scholarship in training for service!

Thus far the way has at least been cleared for deeper considerations. There are no *barriers* to the belief that there may be a way out of the gloomy cavern. On the contrary, there are, as we have seen, strong presumptive probabilities that there will be a way out. Even physical science itself has furnished us with these probabilities. Now, however, we must step beyond the range of that study which confines itself to physical relationships. The scientist must step back for the deeper vision, for the things that eye hath not seen nor ear heard. Scientific and philosophical speculations will never satisfy the human heart. One may read Fechner and Bjorklund and Ostwald and Osler, and even James and Flammarion, until he grows wearied and soul-sick with finespun theories of cell relationships to the body, of "thresholds" and subliminal functions, of mechanical tests and metaphysical subtleties. Yes, one may follow the track of the "psychic group," follow them with a measure of sympathy, perhaps with a mild tolerance for the conviction which Ruskin once expressed to Holman Hunt, "I know there is much relative fraud and stupidity connected with it, but underneath there is enough, I am sure, to convince us that there is a personal life independent of the body, and with this once proved I have no further in-

terest in spiritism." But all this reading will leave you cold and unsatisfied. It will give you at the best but a "pale smile" of philosophical optimism, instead of that robust, full-blooded, glorious New Testament "hope." We—God forgive us—have allowed that word to grow shrunken and feeble and apologetic. But it rang like the blare of a trumpet when Paul said, "Christ in you, the hope of glory."

Hear me then. The conviction that there is a way out is *spiritual*. It must be spiritually perceived and proved. One of the greatest intellectual giants that this country ever produced said to me, "I cannot read Wordsworth's 'Intimations of Immortality' without breaking. It is too big for me. It masters me." I fancy that Wordsworth in that noble poem was getting at the heart of a great conviction more definitely than all the scholars and all the science and all the philosophies can ever hope to do. Look for a moment at the spiritual considerations.

Consider for one thing the incomplete range which this life furnishes to human personality. Let us understand once for all that Man the Person is infinitely larger than homo the animal. Says an eminent modern writer: "In every other animal its physical development explains everything, but nothing physical explains Man. It is foolish to seek in the human brain for that explanation, because this is closely patterned after the brain of the chimpanzee which contains every lobe and lobule found in the human brain. But to all eternity the chimpanzee with his brain could not overtake Man. The light of the sun takes eight minutes to reach the earth, while it takes the light of Alpha Centauri, the nearest to us of the fixed stars, four years and a half to do the same thing. But

this is an imperfect comparison with which to illustrate the difference between the animal Homo and Man."

Considered spiritually, is there even a possibility that the span of Man the Person should be measured by the span of the animal Homo? Contrast their ranges, both in time and space. The animal begins to grow old at twenty-five. Bodily co-ordinations are never quite so perfect after the so-called "athletic age" is past. The range of the animal is short, but the range of the personal Man is practically infinite. Mr. Arthur Brisbane, in a recent editorial, speaks of the almost incalculable distance between the earth and Betelgeuse. The moral he draws therefrom is the utter insignificance of man. On the contrary, the moral to be drawn is the amazing significance and size of the man. Has he not calculated what was almost incalculable? The mind that can span the distance between the earth and Betelgeuse is infinitely greater than the distance, greater than either the earth or Betelgeuse. Infinite ranges of space and time are the measure of personal possibilities. To suppose that this majestic spiritual organization should have a range of possibility no greater than that of his animal body is, spiritually speaking, absurd.

> "To man propose this test—
> Thy body at its best,
> How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?"

To make the two of equal range would be comparable to the purchase of two engines. One would be, let us say, a fifty-cent toy affair, and the other a five-thousand-dollar Packard car. The little, cheaply-constructed toy runs around a few short circles and goes to the junk heap. Shall we use that expensive automobile in the same

way? Just a few little circles and then the junk heap? Infinitely more absurd would it be to limit the range of the human person by the range of the animal homo. Said Victor Hugo, "A tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes with the twilight, to open with the dawn....I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me....The thirst for infinity proves infinity."

Moreover, if all human footsteps ended at the tomb we would confront another spiritual impossibility. Not only individual incompleteness, but social incompleteness, would meet us squarely. Bear in mind that we are dealing with spiritual considerations and that these, to a spiritual man, are as complete and as convincing as any physical or mechanical argument to the scientific mind. It is simply impossible to spiritual thought that we should face a universe where we must abandon all sense of justice. Without some such principle society would break down in chaos. Do you tell us there could be equity in a world where human brutes torture and crucify and slay helpless innocence, while the criminal and the victim alike share exactly the same fate in death? Yes, even more poignant is the dreadful dilemma where often the criminal is spared to long life while the victim passes out into the night. Had the brave boy who gave his life for his country no compensation as over against the slacker who nursed his worthless life in the safety of his home? If there were no future life, the slacker has all the best of it. He has lived years in ease and comfort, while the martyr has snuffed out his life in vain. As a warm-hearted English physician has put it, "Are these brave boys to be penalized for their bravery in the defense of the right,

while the self-indulgent gourmand who hides behind the fatty heart, the result of his own vices, which protects him from being called upon for service, extracts the full enjoyment out of life?" It is quite impossible to believe that such obvious unfairness can satisfy the demands of ordinary justice. I remember how Stopford Brooke has put that spiritual dilemma in a terrible poem, yet one which describes an all too common phase of human life:

"Three men went out one summer night,
No care had they or aim,
And dined and drank. 'Ere we go home
We'll have,' they said, 'a game.'

Three girls began that summer night
A life of endless shame,
And went through drink, disease, and death
As swift as racing flame.

Lawless and homeless, foul, they died;
Rich, loved and praised, the men:
But when they all shall meet with God,
And Justice speaks—what then?"

If there were no place where these souls, criminal and victim alike, can meet their God, then there is no such thing as justice speaking in the universe. Her voice has been but an illusion. The very foundations of equity crumble beneath us.

Even stronger is the case presented on the firm foundation of that greatest self-evidencing reality in the world, the reality of love. Nor is the fundamental strength of that reality apparent when we deal with it as a mere form of sentimental appeal. It might thus degenerate into a begging of the question, an effusive use of the emotions

rather than a solid and well-ordered foundation for clear thinking. Unfortunately it has often been so used, until the rigorous minds of hard-headed men have revolted.

Look at love then, not under the aspect of rose-colored romance. Look at it as the one practical program which is able to save the world today. Study writers like Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who have viewed life through the cynical eyes of the newspaper reporter or the satirist, and you will find that under the impact of the terrible world war these men, and hundreds like them, have come to realize that "the old ideas and ideals of mankind have proved wholly false, that a world of power has crushed itself by its own weight, and that only in the brotherhood of man (or universal love) can the world be saved from a ruin which is inevitable if it go on as it has gone." This same conclusion has drawn Papini, the bitter Italian atheist, to the feet of Christ. Now these men have viewed love not at all in its sentimental aspects, but as the absolute prerequisite to the continued existence of a civilized world.

Not less does love evidence itself as essential to the very thought of our origins. Water cannot rise higher than its source, nor can love in us overmatch the love of that great source which produced us. We who are capable of father-passion and mother-passion feel our way back by a sure and strong inference to a Love that made us. It is wildly inconceivable that a loveless universe of hard mechanism could have produced the father who "pitieth his children" and who, forgetful of his own ease and comfort, will sacrifice for them; or the mother who with a splendid passion of self-abnegation deliberately gives her life for her dear ones. These are realities,

and back of them we must put an origin sufficient to account for them.

So it comes to pass that in basing any conviction upon love we rest, not on a foundation of sand, but on one of immovable rock. Obviously, if this great factor be real and fundamental in the universe, it is wildly impossible to think of extinction at the grave. For that would involve the ruthless denial of all that love has taught us. When Charlotte Brontë lay upon her deathbed and looked into the face of her husband, she cried, "Oh, I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy." Such is the cry of love in every age and time. He will not separate us, we have been so happy! This is not only the plaintive cry of longing, it is also the triumphant shout of conviction. It pleads not alone the somewhat timid spirit of Tennyson's pensive hope that he would yet see his Pilot face to face. Rather does it ring with Browning's buoyant assurance that "greets the unseen with a cheer."

Now all of these spirit realities will appeal to us in a very exact proportion to our conviction that the universe is a reasonable one. Certainly if it be not reasonable then all science and philosophy will go by the board. Men may choose to believe in a world of chance, but if they choose to inhabit that dreary desert let them understand quite clearly in advance that they must live in a world where all the ordered results of human thinking must be relegated to the dust heap, and where all science and philosophy will be a vanishing mirage. If we turn our back on that world, however, and can assume a reasonable universe, it will be impossible even to dream that human personality, the goal and crown of all God's creative

energy, should be produced only that it might be ruthlessly destroyed. Browning's Caliban might conceive of such a thing, because in sheer wanton cruelty it might appeal to his crazy whim that a worthless life should be preserved and a worthy one destroyed. But Caliban's Setebos could be only the product of a crazed brain. If we think reasonably we cannot even imagine a God who would do such a thing. Last year in Florida I saw an alligator which experts assured me has lived far beyond the span of any human life. It sleeps for months at a time, wakes to eat, and having eaten sleeps again. Yet this insensate brute has outlived the earth career of the noblest soul which Almighty God has ever created. I watched that repulsive monster, and then I thought of Raphael and Shelley and fair John Keats, those lovely boys who passed out into the shadows ere the cup of life's wine had more than touched their lips. Surely it would seem to any reasoning mind that a universe which gave a vast range of time to an unthinking brute and a few brief years to John Keats would be a crazy man's world —if there were no life beyond.

In the city of Pittsburgh there lived for many years a noble man of science and a beautiful character, Dr. John Brashear of gracious memory. He was "Uncle" John Brashear to everybody in western Pennsylvania, known the world over among scientists, and loved wherever he was known. He worked once for two years and a half in making a single lens for a telescope. He toiled upon that lens day and night, bestowing infinite, loving care in shaping that piece of glass until it caught up with perfect accuracy and beauty the vision of the heavens above us. Suppose, after doing this, after shaping and polishing for

many patient years a perfect lens, he had then dashed it to pieces upon the rocks. What would have happened? Unquestionably this man would have had an investigation as to his sanity. Such an act of ruthless destruction would not have been reasonable. We should have said at once, "The man is insane." And if we suppose that God has picked out of His immense store of raw material the makings of a man, and then has kept shaping and finishing and polishing through countless aeons until He has at last achieved a human personality—a soul with its infinite capacity to reflect the very glory of heaven, to contemplate God—and then that He dashes that soul down to eternal destruction along with the very raw material of the animal world out of which it was created, can we for one moment say that we live in a reasonable universe? And I repeat that if we do not live in a reasonable universe, then we must veto all science and all philosophy, as well as all religion.

This brings us to a consideration even more unescapable than reason itself. That is the pressure of life. Larger than the sum of all thinking is the life about which we try to think. Life itself demands that it must live for evermore if we live it normally here. The idea that men can go out into this world of ours and do their best without any regard to whether there is a future world or not, is the most colossally foolish notion that ever seized the human mind. When Thoreau lay dying at Concord, his friend Parker Pillsbury sat by his bedside; and he said, "Henry, you are so near to the border now, can you see anything on the other side?" And Thoreau answered, "One world at a time, Parker!" Now while a man can see only one world at a time, yet I submit that

unless he expects another world he can never rightly live in this one. It is true, this motive is not consciously in the minds of many right-living men and women. But this is only because that motive has been so thoroughly inwrought into the ideals of society that people are unconsciously acting upon them. Whatever the protests of Professor Huxley, the fact is that if one shared the fate of the ox it would not be long until he lived essentially the life of the ox. Said Goethe in his last days, "You ask me what are my grounds for this belief? The greatest is this, that we cannot do without it."

Now by these and many kindred considerations none the less real and practical because they are spiritual in their nature, we are led irresistibly to the conclusion: "There must be a way out of the cave. There must be! There must be!"

> "My own dim life should teach me this
> That life shall live for evermore,
> Else earth is darkness at the core,
> And dust and ashes all that is."

The old psalmist of our text, conscious of God, felt the irresistible conviction that his destiny was bigger and better than anything limited by the grave. He felt that it was even more splendid than could be satisfied by the prevalent conceptions of the future life in his own time. The pallid ghost of a future life in Sheol would never do. Consequently he imagined that in some way God would keep him from entering the pit. "Thou wilt not suffer thy beloved to see the pit." It may be that he thought God would save him from the experience of death as He did Enoch. The form of his expression was undoubtedly mistaken, but the essence of it true and real. For he

knew that better things than the grave must await those who know the fellowship of the eternal God.

Catch the gleam now of the rising sun on Easter Morning! Our hearts have said, "there must be a way out." Easter Morning says, "There *is* a way out." We have been impelled by irresistible forces to believe that there must be tracks leading both ways, tracks coming out as well as going in. We wanted to see them too. We yearned for a sign. An evil and adulterous generation should have no sign, but those who loved him needed it and should have it. So it comes to pass that on Easter Morning we see the footprints of the blessed Lord coming away from the tomb. And then we know for the first time that the divine seal has been placed upon that irresistible conviction within us.

Why do we believe these outbound footprints of our blessed Lord are real, and not an illusion? Undoubtedly in the tremendous excitements of that crisis morning the witnesses prove incoherent and at points mutually inconsistent. This is no more than we should expect. It is said that no two of the naval captains at Santiago Harbor gave accounts of that great naval battle with the Spanish Fleet which could be reconciled, yet all were truthful men. The eye witnesses of the Resurrection were a jury of plain men, and their case makes its appeal, not primarily, perhaps, to critical scholars, but to plain men who know their fellow men, who know life and a bit of history. To those who do know men it is inconceivable that these stolid, unimaginative, discouraged and pessimistic disciples could have been deceived. To those who know men it is inconceivable that in the blunt, rugged honesty of their characters they could have deceived

others. The change in their lives was instant, revolutionary, and permanent, utterly unexplainable except upon the basis of some colossal fact like the Resurrection. Moreover, the whole history of the world has been cut in two by Easter Morning. It was one world before that date, and another world after it. All that is noble and true and uplifting and helpful for two thousand years traces back to Easter Morning. If the glory of that morning were but an illusion, then we should be forced to conclude that the best things the world has ever known have had a lie for their foundation. Against such an outcome to our thinking every true heart revolts. Far better that reason should be staggered by a miracle than that our moral natures should be shocked by such a terrible paradox.

The Resurrection, which showed men Christ's footprints coming out of the tomb, stands today as a fact witnessed not only by the men of his time, but by His mighty deeds wrought throughout the ages, the deeds of a Risen Victor. Certain workers in the Near East Relief Movement have told us of a Greek priest who led his people in flight before the advance of the terrible Turk. He tried as best he could to comfort his flock. He told them of the Good Shepherd and of His sympathy and loving care for His people. But those stricken and dejected and ragged men and women refused to be comforted. They said, "No, Christ is dead. There is no Christ." Then by and by, stumbling, halting, starving, diseased, and ready to die, they came in sight of a Near East Relief Station. Over it flew the American Flag. And when the priest caught sight of it he cried joyfully, "Look, my children! Look! See, it is true! He is not dead! Christ is

risen!" And that stricken people, with sobs and embraces, cried, "He is risen indeed!"

Here, gentlemen of the critical schools, is your ultimate proof. Here is the Risen Christ pointing men to new life and new hope in a world of sin and wickedness and sorrow. Here is the Risen Christ directing men to trace His own footsteps, not toward the tomb, but away from it. Follow His tracks. There are blood stains as they lead in. But when they come out the firm tread is that of victory. Beautiful feet of Him who first preached the gospel of peace through deliverance from sin and death! Passionately we bend to kiss them. For they have shown us the tracks leading both ways.

VII

THE SONS OF MARY AND THE SONS OF MARTHA

TEXT: They had the hands of a man under their wings.
—*Ezekiel* 1:8

Now Jesus loved Mary and her sister.
—*John* 11:5

Centuries ago a great poet and prophet painted a symbolical picture of ideal life. Its beauty, its power, and its symmetry were portrayed by vast and mysterious living creatures. Among the many details which round out the symbol, none is more impressive than this—the living creatures had "the hands of a man under their wings."

For the mysteries that enfold us can find their true solution only in the proper balance between hands and wings. Life is a continual series of adjustments between the material and the spiritual, between human possibility and divine aspiration, between the limitations of the finite around us and the call of the infinite within us, between the hands that toil and the wings that soar. Our daily task is the weaving of practical threads in an ideal pattern, the doing of common things for uncommon ends.

The chariot of human progress moves to its goal on two wheels—vision and action. Obstruct either wheel and there is deflection, delay, and irreparable loss. Let them move together in complete harmony, and the whole

being advances to its destiny, the divine and human elements blended "like perfect music unto noble words."

But how shall we make the wheels of vision and action move together? The difficulty is not that men do not know enough, but that they do not keep what they know in proper balance. For while the thoughtful mind perceives that all truth is but the golden mean between hostile extremes, average human nature finds golden means irksome and even unendurable. By and large, humanity has ever been instinctively partisan, has ever suffered from ingrained radicalism. In religion, politics, art, philosophy, and even in those sacred temples dedicate to the modern gods of science, advocates of differing views seem instinctively to practice what Whistler called the "gentle art of making enemies." As in thinking, men are materialists or idealists, so in life we have men of action and men of vision, men of the hands and men of the wings, practical men with feet on the ground and seers and saints with eyes on the stars.

Surely this unfortunate line of cleavage has cursed the world long enough. We should have done with it in the twentieth century, and we could, did we but realize how at bottom it rests on mutual misunderstanding. When a heathen king would have a heathen prophet curse the camp of God's people, he entreated him to take a position from which he could get only a partial view of the enemy, and curse them from thence. Now, as then, the half-way view is parent of curses, hatred, and invective.

The saint sometimes misunderstands the strong man. He thinks him heedless, reckless, careless of his own soul, thoughtless about the real meanings of life, "sadly contented in a show of things," unheeding the solemn beckon-

ings that come to the earnest watcher from out the shadows of eternity. The clamor and rush of the marts and streets fall with harsh and painful discord on the ears of the mystic. But what he fails to catch is the real romance of the practical. His eyes are blinded to the true love and loyalty and sacrifice, yes, even the glint of tenderness and sentiment underneath the rough exterior of the man in shirt sleeves who does the world's work.

Per contra, the practical man is even more narrow and bigoted in his estimate of the saintly life. He assumes that to spend one's life in the service of religion is of necessity to be set down as weak, bloodless, effeminate, "a drinker of tea and a ringer of door bells," a conventional requirement at weddings and funerals, fitted to mingle with women and children but, by his very occupation, unfitted for fellowship on terms of equality with those who are "neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men." "Are we not doing the world's work?" say these strong men. "Are we not carrying the world's burdens? Where, forsooth, would your saint be, if we did not plan for him, and build for him, and fend for him, and protect him from his own blundering inefficiencies; and appoint ourselves general guardians-in-ordinary for the whole helpless race of dreaming, praying, unworldly mystics?"

This is the gospel according to Mr. Kipling:

> "The Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have inherited that good part;
> But the Sons of Martha favour their Mother of the careful soul and the troubled heart.
> And because she lost her temper once, and because she was rude to the Lord her Guest,

Her Sons must wait upon Mary's Sons, world without end, reprieve, or rest.

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and cushion the shock.
It is their care that the gear engages; it is their care that the switches lock.
It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their care to embark and entrain,
Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary by land and main.

They say to mountains, "Be ye removèd." They say to the lesser floods 'Be dry.'
Under their rods are the rocks reprovèd—they are not afraid of that which is high.
Then do the hill-tops shake to the summit—then is the bed of the deep laid bare,
That the Sons of Mary may overcome it, pleasantly sleeping and unaware.

They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before the nuts work loose.
They do not teach that His Pity allows them to leave their work whenever they choose.
As in the thronged and the lighted ways, so in the dark and the desert they stand,
Wary and watchful all their days that their brethren's days may be long in the land.

Raise ye the stone or cleave the wood to make a path more fair or flat;
Lo, it is black already with blood some Son of Martha spilled for that!
Not as a ladder from earth to Heaven, not as a witness to any creed,
But simple service simply given to his own kind in their common need.

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blessèd—they know
the angels are on their side.
Then know in them is the Grace confessèd. And for
them are the Mercies multiplied.
They sit at the Feet—they hear the Word—they see how
truly the Promise runs;
They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and—the
Lord He lays it on Martha's Sons!"

Now the tragedy of it is that these two types, though they are own first cousins, do not realize their mutual dependence. Thus the Son of Mary on his way to a religious gathering, or perchance to the mission field, is shocked by the profanity of the engineer whom he passes on the depot platform; and in his berth at night the soul of the saint lifts itself to God for safety and protection from the dangers of the journey. Does he stop to think that God gave that engineer, along with a rough exterior, an eagle eye, a lion heart, and nerves of steel? Does he understand that his prayer is answered through the Son of Martha at the throttle, and through hundreds of his comrades along the way, on whose sleepless vigilance the safety of the train depends?

But on the other hand consider the engineer, faring onward sixty miles an hour, through the night and the storm, depending for his safety on a thousand circumstances which not even the keenest vigilance can control, subject to dangers which no human ingenuity can foresee or avert. Does he suppose for one moment that the prayer from the berth, laying hold on unseen guardian forces, is a thing to be despised? In fact these two men, unknown to themselves, are simply types of the two-sided, all-inclusive yet ever elusive mystery of human life. The Calvinist in the berth emphasizes divine purpose; the

Arminian at the throttle sees only human agency. "Useless each without the other." And yet Mary's Son shrinks from his cousin as reckless and unspiritual, while Martha's Son views his saintly relative with a mild tolerance that sometimes shades towards good-natured contempt.

I am profoundly convinced that with the Christian-college-bred man rests the solution of this age-long estrangement. Only the man of liberal education is broad enough to see both sides of the problem. Only he who has kept the balance between the material and the spiritual is equipped for solving it intelligently. To the Christian-college-bred man we instinctively turn—to the type of mind trained to sympathy with both extremes. He has learned that the strong man is all the stronger for being saintly in the sane and healthy sense. He has learned, too, that the saint is all the holier for being strong; that there is nothing manly in sin and nothing weak in religion; that manhood rooted in faith is the power that overcomes the world; that swaggering toughness is not strength but weakness; that not bravado but quietness makes men great; that he who rules his own spirit is greater than he who conquers a city. To him must we look for "good men who are good for something," for the mind that can translate vision into service, for the heart and the hand that can give the sad world a splendid dream and the interpretation thereof in terms of practical efficiency. A hard task—but not impossible. For even now you may sometimes see the dreamer and the doer working side by side in perfect amity. Nay more, our really great men embody the essential elements of both types; for there was One of old who loved both Mary and her sister Martha, and that August Dreamer, the supreme

character of all time, is the one Man who has left behind Him, "not an influence, but a practical activity."

Now there is a true and proper sense in which the spirit of the Sons of Martha must infuse our service. We need its virile incentive. The manly ring of its call to action should stir us, as the trumpet "thro' the thick night" summons the warrior to the battle line. We need its breadth, its vigor, its healthy-mindedness, its insistence upon the practical application of means to ends, its spirit of give and take, its grim determination to "play out the game," its shutting of teeth to do the thing accounted impossible or to perish in the effort, its shrewd admixture of caution and daring that has made the blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon master of half the globe. The day has gone by when piety can be a cloak to laziness, when spirituality can compensate for slack and shuffling and flabby inefficiency. Hard-headed men care little for our creeds and less for our mystic visions. Its insistent questions are: "What have you done?" and "What can you do?" "What is your life in terms of practical efficiency?"

Botanists tell us of certain kinds of vegetable life which are really robber-plants, parasites, which seem fair and flourishing above the surface, but in reality, underneath the soil, suck their sustenance from the roots of other plants. So there are lives that can be accounted little more than genial social parasites, drawing sustenance from the life around them without giving anything in return. Now there is one supreme sin which inevitably lands a life in the parasite class. It is the unpardonable sin in the great struggle for the survival of the fittest. That sin is what Mr. Browning calls the "unlit lamp and the ungirt loin"; the sin of people who can do something in the

world that is worth while, and who do not; the sin of those who, having a belief, never try to clothe that belief in terms of practical efficiency; the sin of having a creed and failing to make it march. Somebody has said that "Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains." I do not know of a more foolish definition. That is just exactly what genius is not. Genius is usually manifest in the lives of people who do not have a capacity for taking pains. Genius is a flash of divine fire that comes unbidden, spontaneously lighting up the lives of a few men. It is the unbought gift of the gods. But most of us are not geniuses. And it is fortunately so, because the world is never so much in need of more genius as it is in desperate need of steady, hard-working plodders who know how to take the vision of some great seer and to gear it up to the practical demands of everyday, routine living.

"Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees." Yes, but he despairs when the saint rises from his knees and draws the sword to answer his own petitions. And he surrenders before the grim determination which translates the vision of Jesus into a code of practical twentieth century efficiency. For the Powers of Darkness have always the attitude expressed in Mr. Kipling's lines:

> "I'd not give way for an Emperor,
> I'd hold my road for a King—
> To the Triple Crown I would not bow down—
> But this is a different thing.
> *I*'ll not fight with the powers of Air,
> Sentry, pass him through!
> Drawbridge let fall, 'tis the Lord of us all,
> The Dreamer whose dreams come true!"

I have thus far been making my plea for the spirit of the Sons of Martha. I have tried to make you feel how

this stern, practical age is calling upon you and me for the very best possible equipment of brain and hand, and how it impels us to keep our feet upon the ground, to meet this world as we find it, and to put the best we have into our work. I am now to turn your attention to the other side of the picture. We need to be reminded that there is something even higher than efficiency. In a survey made a few years ago among the engineering societies of America an investigation was made as to the qualities of a man which would best secure his advancement in his chosen line. And when the replies came in and the percentages were figured up it was found these engineers had decided that a man's chances for promotion depended about nine per cent upon efficiency and forty-one per cent upon personal character. Now it is the spirit of the Sons of Mary which is the secret of personal character. By that I mean the power of spiritual vision in our lives, the vision which links us up to the great eternal world, to the spiritual realities that eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and which would never have entered into the heart of man had it not been for God's speaking to the human soul. Unless we keep the upper windows of the soul open to the sunlight by day and to the starlight by night all our boasted efficiency will not go very far.

Why, the difficulty with many business men is not the lack of routine efficiency, but the lack of spiritual vision. They are not big enough in imagination to dream great dreams. They are not large enough in character to take the shocks of business reverse. They are not trained, by broad, deep spiritual thinking, to keep their balance when the unexpected comes and things go wrong. I talked not long ago with one of the most successful men in

the business world. He had a classical education, studied for the ministry, and then because of ill-health went into a most prosaic and practical form of business. But in that practical business he has outstripped his competitors and become the leading man in his line in America. He told me, "The secret of my success lies in the fact that I had a classical education." He said, "I have beaten my competitors in imagination and in ability to meet reverses through spiritual vision." Why, there never has been a great business success which was not the dream, first of all, of some visionary who had a great daring leap of imagination and then set to work to make the thing come true.

No matter how practical a life you may intend to lead, unless you have some of this power of imagination and spiritual vision you will become a mere routine plodder, a one-sided man or woman. The more practical your life-work is to be, the more careful you ought to be in balancing the daily routine with that which will lift the soul out of itself and keep you from withering up into a narrow, machine-made existence. It takes vision to keep you out of a groove, and a groove is only another way of spelling a grave. It's just as easy to lose one's balance through failure in vision as through failure in practical adaptation. We have a curious idea that only visionary people go insane. On the contrary, the insane are often those who have been driven into mental instability by the sheer monotony of life, with never a glimpse at the stars. I am told that Pillsbury, the great chess player, went insane—because he took a mind built for great, beautiful, eternal truths and fastened it down for days and months and years upon the squares of a chess board. Dr. Woods-

Hutchinson, the noted health writer, has stated that a larger percentage of farmers' wives go insane than any other class of people. Certainly anyone who has ever lived on the farm will not believe that farmers' wives are crazed by any undue tendency toward spiritual visions and by any lack of steady, everyday, practical routine. I have heard of a lady who went to a noted oculist for advice regarding her eyes. He said to her, "Madame, the trouble with your eyes is that you are looking too much at objects near at hand. I want you each day to go out upon your lawn, take a seat there, and for an hour to gaze steadily at the tops of those distant mountains, a hundred miles away on the horizon. What you need is the far view to restore the normal function of your eyes." And what many people in the busy routine of daily life need is the far view, to lift their eyes to the great eternal mountains of truth and beauty which will endure when all the results of our practical activities have crumbled to dust.

Every young man and woman ought to go out into life fully persuaded that this unseen spiritual world is not illusion, but reality. I remember how Dorothy Canfield Fisher told of an experience of hers in the city of Paris at the bitterest moment of the World War. America then was believing her ideals of humanity and world-wide brotherhood, and was putting every inch of her resources into the struggle for them. And Mrs. Fisher said she sat beside a woman in a Paris streetcar, a woman whose mourning betrayed that she too had given her all in the war. And the woman said, "Every time I see the American Flag it seems to say to me, 'No, the Germans are wrong; ideals are the realest things there are.'" The saddest day for France and the saddest day for America

is the day when either of us forgets that, the day when we come down to sordid, selfish notions of so-called practical self-seeking, which bid fair to wreck the world.

Ideals *are* the realest things in the world. If you cannot believe that, it is not the fault of the ideals, but the fault of yourself. I remember when I was a college senior, how a group of upper-classmen went out one night to study the moon through the college telescope. We adjusted it to our satisfaction, but when we looked there was no moon to be seen. By and by the President of the institution came along and volunteered to assist us in finding the moon. We trained the telescope upon her in vain. At last a freshman came strolling along that campus, took one look at the telescope, and said, "If you fools would take the cap off that lens maybe you might see the moon."

The difficulty with some men and women who refuse to believe in the ideal side of life is that they have the cap on the lens—the cap of narrow, sordid living, the cap of ignorant selfishness and gross impurity, the dull routine of the coarse and the Christless.

There never was a time which called so loudly for men and women of courage and vision. The finest fruits of civilization are in danger today of utter destruction. And the tragedy is that this danger is wholly unnecessary. It is not any natural and inevitable danger that is threatening to sweep away civilization itself from the face of the earth. But it is wholly a condition which has arisen through ignorance, through narrowness, through selfishness, through men's inability or unwillingness to live and act as though God were in his heaven. I have been reading recently those wonderful and beautiful letters of the late Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior through

most of President Wilson's administration. Just before the World War began, Mr. Lane, writing to a friend, said, "Mind you, I have no religion, I attend no church, and I deal all day long with hard questions of economics, so that I am nothing of a preacher." But this was his diagnosis of the need of our time. He said, "Agnosticism led to sensualism, and sensualism had its foundation in hopelessness. We are materialists because we have no faith. This thing, however, is being changed. We are coming to recognize spiritual forces, and I put my hope for the future, not in a reduction of the high cost of living, nor in any scheme of government, but in the recognition by the people that after all there is a God in the world."

If our vision perish, the driving power that moves the world is at a standstill. I plead then for the spirit of the Sons of Mary as the dominating principle of our lives—the Sons of a Mother who chose the good part that shall not be taken away from her. We need the hands and we must needs be trained to use them—but always they must be *under* the wings. Always the splendor of God must illuminate and dominate. Forward, Knights of the Supreme Vision!

"Trumpeter, sound for the splendor of God!

. . . .

Sound for the heights that our fathers trod,
When truth was truth and love was love
With a hell beneath, but a heaven above,
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us,
On to the City of God."

VIII

PAINTING THE WHITE POST

Many years ago I sat one evening discussing life with a certain noted political leader. We were in his library lined with hundreds of books through which this self-educated man had made himself acquainted with more history, ancient and modern, than the average college graduate knows anything about. And I remember how he suddenly turned to me and said abruptly, "Do you know what has made the Jew the most virile and persistent race in human history?" One was reminded of Renan's remark that God selected the Jew to be His chosen people because of his "toughness," that is to say, because, of all the races of antiquity, he showed the greatest persistence. But I said to him, "What is your idea about it?" And he replied, "Forty years of education in the University of Hard Knocks in the wilderness."

That was indeed a colossal experiment in pedagogy. The Jew had an intensive education in God's great university, with courses in theology, ethics, sanitation, architecture, law, military science, sociology and political economy. But his persistence, the virility and toughness of fiber which makes him today the outstanding miracle of history, calls for an additional explanation. And this explanation can be put in a single sentence. No nation in all history so completely mastered the knack of handing down to her children the permanent results of her past

achievements. Other nations knew how to attain, but the Jew knew how to retain. Other ancient peoples knew how to acquire, but not how to conserve. This nation, under divine guidance, was always planning so that its past results could be made permanent and passed down to the coming generations. Moses, the great leader, had a statesman's eye for the future. He watched "the bairns coming on." Consider the great passover ceremonial itself, that central service of the Jewish people whose modern counterpart we observe in the communion feast. It was of course a commemorative rite, a reminder to each generation of God's blood-bought mercy to their fathers. But also the passover was an educational service carefully planned to catch up the meanings of a bygone day and bind them down to the coming generations, linking past, present, and future in one great commemorative whole. It was avowedly pedagogical in purpose, "That thou mayest tell in the ears of thy son, and of thy son's son, what things I have wrought upon Egypt, and my signs which I have done among them; that ye may know that I am Jehovah." "And it shall come to pass, when your children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this service? that ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of Jehovah's passover, who passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt, when he smote the Egyptians." "When thy son asketh thee in time to come, saying, What mean the testimonies, and the statutes, and the ordinances, which Jehovah our God hath commanded you? then ye shall say unto your son, We were Pharaoh's bondmen in Egypt, and Jehovah brought us out of Egypt with a mighty hand." This is the note that rings again and again and again throughout the whole Pentateuch. Here were

divinely guided statesmen who knew that the greatness of a nation would depend upon their ability to gather up the best achievements of the past and to hand them down unspoiled and unpolluted to those who should come after.

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, in his admirable book "Ambassadors of God," has said, "The Hebrew Scriptures are the only specimens of historical literature the ancient East has bequeathed to civilization... despite the innumerable Egyptian, Assyrian, and Babylonian inscriptions and other writings which have been deciphered in recent years, there is no people contemporaneous with the Israelites whose records rise to the dignity of history." Why was this? Why were they the one outstanding people to bequeath to the world a real history? Because they were the one people who were thinking in terms of the coming generations. They wanted to get things down in black and white. They even made a fetish of tradition. No jot or tittle of the written law or the oral tradition must be altered. And if they swung too far in the direction of slavish traditionalism or of blind adherence to the past, it was the defect of their quality. The quality itself made them the most persistent people in the world.

Most modern nations are obsessed with the idea of improving on the past. They work very hard at that. They have forgotten how hard one must work to retain the best in the past. When the thought of a people is wholly centered on achievement rather than upon conservation, even the days of its achievement itself are numbered. When we study only how we can attain, and quite forget how we may retain, we are heading toward the rocks. Little Alice in Lewis Carroll's story was greatly distressed because in a race you had to run and run as fast as you

could in order to stay where you were. I have heard of a certain yacht race many years ago in which, owing to adverse tides and currents, all the ships were drifting backward. One canny skipper was victorious because he let down his anchor and stood fast. This is no plea for blind conservatism, for slavish adherence to the past. But we must remind ourselves that in any normal evolution, persistence has its place along with change, as a factor in progress. And we must make serious study not only concerning desirable changes which may better our condition, but also concerning an equally desirable conservation which holds fast that which we have, that no man take our crown. Woodrow Wilson a few years ago said that if you had a white post you must keep doing something to it each year if you would keep it as it was. You had to work at it to prevent changes. You must put time and toil and money into a regular painting of that post, or it would no longer be a white post. Permanence involves effort as does improvement.

Now world history is full of national wrecks which came because people left off painting the white post. The fine old Egyptian culture, what became of it? Finer in its way and in its day than the Hebrew, it faded out because no due attention was given to the handing down of its best achievements so that the generations who came after should not lose them. The world-conquering Macedonian civilization, with its art, its philosophy, its ethics, and its humanities, is gone like a dream in the night. Lovely Greece that once was, stands today the abjectest figure in Europe, none so poor to do her reverence.

> "The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
> Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;

> An empty urn within her withered hands,
> Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

Splendid her achievement, but she had no power to make it permanent. She never mastered the secret of persistence. She forgot to keep painting the white post. And her story is but the sad epitome of decadence by which you may sum up a score of civilizations.

Is it yet certain that America has learned how to keep painting the white post? We are bent upon achievement. Have we equally mastered the secret of retaining the best fruitage of past achievement? Is our future progress all to be described in terms of change, or partially at least in terms of persistence? If so, what must we retain and how retain it?

The answer to this question will raise another one. If you ask what must we retain, then we must face the query, by what did we attain? What is it, after all, that has given to us Americans our proud eminence as the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time? What produced our civilization? Natural advantages? Certainly not all, and perhaps not at all. Is it simply the result of evolution? They have not gone far into that subject who retain the naïve idea that evolution is a force accomplishing anything. Evolution is only the study of the method or process by which an unknown force is working toward a given end. It is sheer nonsense to think of evolution, standing by itself, as the final explanation of anything. If you see great movements of civilization working out toward a definite end, it is because back of them there is an intelligent and adequate force which has seen that end from the beginning and is working toward it by means adequate to its accomplishment. And history will bear me

witness that there has been only one force which has seen the end from the beginning and which has worked adequately toward that end.

That force is the resurrection life of Christ moving upon the hearts of men. It was when Columba and Patricius and Gaulus and Paulinus and Augustine came first to your fathers and mine and told them of the Risen Christ, that the whole process began.

It was when these heralds of the evangel said, "If then ye were raised together with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is, seated on the right hand of God"; it was then that our degraded heathen ancestors began to lift their faces toward the sky and lift their feet out of the mud. It was the same colossal impetus which sent them across the seas, by and by, to find a country where the life and liberty of Christ could have its way unhampered by old-world paganisms. When all is said and done, the best blood of America has flowed through the veins of men who came here seeking freedom to worship God, and planting on this new continent a commonwealth of the spirit wherein new meanings should be read into the great tri-color words, Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality. Many years ago a little girl came to a certain minister and said, "My teacher told us the other day that the Koran was just as good a book as the Bible; and I did not know what to say, for I had never read the Koran." And the clergyman told that eleven-year-old child to ask her teacher whether *she* would prefer to live in Turkey or in America. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The Koran has never yet produced a nation fit for self-government or able to conserve life, property, and moral decency. All the civilization in the world worthy of the name goes

back to the Christ of the Bible. By this sign we have conquered.

What are our points of danger? From what angle does the menace threaten?

We are facing, for one thing, a quite concrete and definite attack on Christ's principle of *liberty under law.* Jesus taught that freedom is never anarchy. It is rather the freedom of the engine—not off the track, but on the track. Grooved to the rails, the engine is free. Leaping from the restraining law of the roadbed, the engine lands in ignominious slavery on the junk-heap. Yet in many directions we are confronted with a sinister propaganda which would throw off every restraint in sheer wild individualism. Concretely, this danger threatens from those who would, in the name of "personal liberty," reforge upon the limbs of America the fetters of the American saloon. We are confronted by the sinister hypocrisy of men who for years fought a referendum on the liquor business, and who now complain that an amendment adopted by forty-six states out of forty-eight is "minority legislation" upon which the people have never passed an opinion. Having piled their filthy millions by the enslavement of men, the broken hearts of women, and the bar sinister on the cradles of newborn babies, these unctuous Pecksniffs now deblaterate of "personal liberty"! One is reminded of Mr. Carlyle's stinging words, "No man oppresses thee, O free and independent Franchiser: but does not this stupid Porter-pot oppress thee? No Son of Adam can bid thee come or go; but this absurd Pot of Heavy-wet, this can and does! Thou art the thrall not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thine own brutal appetites and of this soured dish of liquor. And thou pratest of thy 'liberty'? Thou entire blockhead!"

Older men will remember that during the Civil War Mr. Punch was Southern in his sympathies. There were many pages of bitter anti-Americanism which most of us could wish had never been written, and which doubtless the editors themselves came to wish had never been written. Through it all runs the bitter undercurrent of hatred to America and of sympathy with the Southern cause, or with any cause that would break up the Federal Union. But scanning recently the old Civil War issues I found one page in which Mr. Punch noted how, in South Carolina, plantation bells had been melted down into Confederate war cannon. And he shrewdly observed that in his judgment the bells which had summoned the slaves to their labor on the plantations could never be molded into effective cannon to roar forth the chorus of human freedom. You can never win the fight for liberty with the weapons forged from the tools of the slave driver. And you can never thunder the chorus of human rights with cannon forged out of those bells which have been ringing yearly the death knell of a hundred thousand drunkards! The ratchet wheel of God Almighty has clicked on that question, and there must be no reversing of the machinery. The American Saloon has gone to the guillotine of public opinion, hearing that bitter cry which rang in the ears of the dying Robespierre, "Go down to hell with the curses of all wives and mothers!"

The second great menace which threatens our retention of Christian civilization is the undue exaltation, yes, the very tyranny, of the cold, impersonal, human intellect. It is the greatest menace today in the field of education. "The freezing reason's colder part," that seeks to banish the heart, stifle the emotions, and mock at the fine, noble,

beautiful things in life which cannot be tested in the crucible of rigorous intellectual processes, may produce mighty specialists but never mighty souls.

Do we dare to make education merely a matter of intellectual processes? Can we safely neglect that indefinable somewhat which eludes comparison, defies analysis, and laughs at logic, yet which makes poets and seers and preachers and keeps the soul of the race alive? Does not our progress depend on the rounded, balanced, warm personalities which can reach beyond the demonstrated, harness the unprecedented, and realize the impossible? It is the soul of Beethoven that we seek, not the technical analysis of the mechanical process by which he composed his matchless music. We live by the message of the flowers, not the number of their petals and stamens—by the majesty of the sunrise rather than the mathematics of ethereal vibrations—by the heart glow of the divine, not by cold abstractions of the philosophers or even of the theologians.

Mr. Lorenzo Chance, a Treasury official, relates how in October 1920, he was dining at St. George's Hotel in New York with the late Colonel Henry Watterson. The League of Nations was to meet for the first time on the next day. Said Mr. Chance, "What a stage is set for a great speech!" Said Watterson, "God's truth, yes." "But," said Mr. Chance, "who is fit to make it? Who is big enough for such a stage and setting?" The old fighter sat in silence for a little, and then his eyes filled with tears, and this Confederate veteran said, "Chance, if all the world's greatest orators of the last three centuries were gathered together, there would be but one who should be chosen. I mean that stylist in English without a peer, that

great hearted man who delivered the Gettysburg Address —my Abraham." Yes, the world is gripped and held and moved and swayed by great hearts like Lincoln's. And our care must be lest with increasing facilities for intellectual development we should forget that through all the ages to come the "stars must rule and the heart command."

"The night has a thousand eyes
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done"

The third great menace lies in a relaxed sense of personal responsibility. Jesus taught us to look first to our responsibilities and then to our rights. The modern air is full of voices clamorous of rights, yet utterly silent regarding responsibilities. A few years ago Mr. Chief Justice Taft declared the trouble with America to be in the fact that we had too many people who did not care what happened, so long as it did not happen to them. This has been true of us as individuals. It has been true, since the war, of all the nations. It is true, I fear, today, of our own Government. A few years ago we were all in a fine glow of brotherhood and idealism. The passion of men was to sacrifice for others. In the bitter hour of defeat at Waterloo one of Napoleon's marshals cried to another, "Aren't you going to get yourself killed?" That cry was echoed from the hearts of our lads at the front. "Aren't you going to get yourself killed for the sake of

liberty and humanity, of freedom and democracy, for the sake of the Kingdom of God?"

Do we hear that voice today? If so, it is a still small voice, practically drowned out by the cry of men who pride themselves on keeping their feet on the ground, and whose one question is, "What is there in it for us?" The easy descent into the abyss of narrow nationalistic selfishness has not been confined to any one people. It has characterized every one of the allied nations. Nor can we escape our share of the indictment. For a single instance, Civilization said to us, "Will you take a mandate to do police duty in helpless, distracted Armenia?" We replied, "No, we are too busy looking after our own affairs. America first." What was the result? We left the police duty to England. We refused to underwrite any guarantee to our other ally, France, to protect her against the German menace of the future. France in self-protection must turn to her Mohammedan colonies in Africa. From them she must draw a large proportion of her soldiers for the future. In order to make those soldiers loyal France must deal gently with the Mohammedan. As a consequence we find our late enemy the Turk using French guns and French ammunition to drive back our late ally the Greek, and when England cries to us, "For God's sake help us clean up this mess," we reply, "Our only interest in the Near East is to take care of our own interests."

Please understand me. This is not a partisan matter. Everybody knows there are two groups in each of the leading political parties,—one group striving toward idealism and the acceptance of world responsibility, the other group striving toward narrow, selfish nationalism.

The problem can never be solved by the victory of either party. It must be solved along non-partisan, bi-partisan lines as we have grappled with the temperance question. It can be solved, not as men leave their parties, but as they lift their parties. The leaders of political parties are just as idealistic as we make them. Their first, foremost, primary, fundamental and unescapable duty is to win elections. We shall bring our great parties to the acceptance of Christian responsibility for the world only as we create a keen public conscience with which it will be absolutely necessary to reckon in the winning of elections.

Now this is the task of Christian Education. What is Christian Education? Put briefly, it is civilization perpetuating itself. It is the process of handing down the best things of yesterday to those who come after. It is placing the results of human experience at the disposal of the next generation. It is not blind traditionalism. It is not unwillingness to accept new light. It is not what George Eliot spoke about when she likened Christian traditionalism to the tribe of South African savages who bind back the brows of their little babies, and develop a race of men and women with slanting foreheads who, as she said, catch the vision of the stars at the expense of their brains. It is not that, but it does mean putting a solid basis of past experience as the foundation and starting point for new progress. Otherwise each generation goes the same useless circle, because each generation must start just where the previous one started. Civilization ought to be a relay race, where one generation carries the torch and puts it in the hand of the next. If we are to meet the deadly menace of the future, we must hand down the torch to our children and our children's children, and we must begin in the

home. The college is quite willing to accept a full measure of reproach for some college graduates. We bow our backs to the smiters in all humility, recognizing that a considerable percentage of those who hold diplomas might be described as Henry Adams pictured himself when he held a Harvard diploma in his hand. Looking back on the scene he said, "He had as yet no education at all. He knew not even where or how to begin." But we cannot accept the whole of it. All the Church can do in its schools presupposes and builds on what it has already done in the home. Send a boy or girl to college with a wrong or a weak home environment, and you will get out about what you put in. An old ministerial friend of mine described the disappointment of a farmer who saw his son on Commencement Day, a very weak, anemic, and unworthy specimen, and who thought sadly of the money it had cost him to educate the boy. And the old farmer cried in the words of Aaron, "I put in gold and there came out this calf!" Civilization must first perpetuate herself in the Christian home, and the Church must care for that problem through the great educational agencies which reach down into the home and place a kindly hand upon the boys and girls before they have left "that best academe, a mother's knee."

Moreover, it must be recognized that the Church can train only a small percentage in her own schools. She must reach out and touch the lives of our great universities, bringing there the warm personal atmosphere which by the very nature and size of a state institution cannot come directly from those in control. But in her own colleges the Church must furnish a tremendous proportion of the trained leadership for the future. She must

send out enough highly equipped men and women to leaven the whole lump with the spirit of the Great Teacher. This is the plan in the simplest outline. It is only fair to say, without being pessimistic, that the Church of Jesus Christ has never half realized the problem, and that she has not begun even to dream in terms of its adequate support.

Consider what this means. The educational program of any church is only simple life insurance for future civilization. It is our one impact upon the fundamental question as to whether our civilization will succeed in reproducing itself and in remaining permanent where other nations have fallen. And if this motive seems a little vast and a little vague to grip us quite definitely, let me come a little closer and become a little more concrete. You say you do not care much about civilization in the abstract, and those vast reaches of time when this present generation will cease to have any direct interest in human affairs. Very well then, put the question in this way. For what do men care most in all this world? A normal father will be concerned most of all for the children whom God has given him. He would die for them. He will toil and save and plan and sacrifice for their future. He arranges his bequests for their comfort and happiness when he is gone. Very well then, has he ever asked himself what kind of world his son will live in fifty years from now, or what kind of world his grandson will live in seventy-five years from now? He may give them a good home, he may provide for them an ample fortune, but if the world they have to live in is a world of tyranny, a world of bolshevism, a world of rotten immoralities, a world of war and hatred and brutality, all he can do for his son or his son's son will

be nullified and stultified. Do you not see that you must invest in the future of America and the future of the world, not only from the larger motive, but because if you do not look after these things, they will ruin the life future of the dearest objects which engage your love and planning? Get back of Christian education because only through it comes the leadership that will save America. And only thus can the world be saved, and only thus can you guarantee a decent place for your children's children to live in.

For if the world is to be saved we must do it. With all our faults, America is the best country that the sun sees, and when she finds herself and takes her normal place in the leadership of Christian civilization, she will save the world. I speak no word derogatory to any of our great allied peoples, especially to England, in whose friendship and cooperation with us lies the only hope of the future. But every old-world power is hampered by entanglements from which we are free, and in the providence of God we are supremely the people who are in a position to take the lead for a new and better order. You remember how a brave company of four hundred Scotch preachers once left the Established Church for the sake of a principle. They gave up their livings that they might remain loyal to their convictions. They went forth "taking nothing of the Gentiles." And when that heroic company marched out of the General Assembly, one of their bitterest opponents, unable to restrain his emotions, cried, "Hurrah! It couldn't be done in any country of the world except Scotland." If the world is to be saved it can't be done by any country in the world but America.

An old friend of mine told me of his experience in the opening days of the World War. He was in Germany,

and though an American citizen, was detained and suffered considerable embarrassment. Among other things was the arrest of his sixteen-year-old son, who, by some strange twist of German police methods, was thrown into jail as a spy. My friend had extreme difficulty in freeing his son from jail and in extricating himself from a very perilous situation. He worked his way down across the Swiss border and got at last to an American Consulate. He went in and met the Consul, and looked about him and saw upon the walls the pictures of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln and William McKinley and Woodrow Wilson; and he saw the old flag draped over the door; and the Consul said to him, "Will you renew your oath of allegiance to the Constitution and the Government of the United States?" And my friend said, in a voice that choked, "Will I? Will I? *In God's name, lead me to it.*" Yes, the best country that the sun sees!

> "She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant-dealt scars—
> No blur on her brightness—no stain on her stars!
> The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars—
> She's the flag of our country forever!"

Will you join to keep Old Glory floating high? And will you help to keep her clean? Will you do your part in peace as you did in war, to make of America a nation without a curse, over which there shall float a flag without a stain; so that the blood shed by our sons may not cry out of the ground against us; so that the priceless blood shed by God's Son may at last find its fruition in a world ruled no longer by fear and force, but by faith and friendship; so that the tabernacle of God shall be let down among men, and He dwelling among them in spirit if not in physical habitation may at last see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied?

IX

LIFE'S WIDEST HORIZON

TEXT: And God said to Solomon, Because this was in thy heart, and thou hast not asked riches, wealth, or honor, nor the life of them that hate thee, neither yet hast asked long life; but hast asked wisdom and knowledge for thyself, that thou mayest judge my people, over whom I have made thee king: wisdom and knowledge is granted unto thee; and I will give thee riches, and wealth, and honor, such as none of the kings have had that have been before thee; neither shall there any after thee have the like.

—II *Chronicles* I:11, 12

This is essentially a young man's vision. There are no dreams like the dreams of youth. It is true, as Joel put it, that old men dream dreams, even as young men see visions. But the dreams of old age are all too often extinguished in the black night of disillusionment, or else they are lit only by the melancholy moonlight of reminiscence. The visions of youth, however, are bathed in the sunshine glory of unmeasured possibilities. And the dream of this young man is shot through and through with the splendor of youth, because it is gloriously opulent in opportunities. There are so many, many things that young men and young women can do if they will. At the beginning of life's journey the forks in the road are numerous and inviting. As the years go by, the paths of possibility close one by one. We find ourselves toiling and straining to do some one thing indifferently well;

but at the beginning we can do everything victoriously. Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers, the genial Boston preacher and essayist, has spoken of "everyone's natural desire to be somebody else." The glory of the early twenties is that one can be almost anybody else if he chooses!

Now this young man, in his dream, stood at the forks of the road, and there were many paths inviting him. Down these various highways he could dimly see beautiful figures that beckoned him on with rosy fingers. Serene and unconquerable he stood, with a world at his feet. Let us look at him as he chooses his goal and starts on the pathway toward its attainment.

Here we find a roadway whose guidepost bears the inscription, "This way to long life." Yet the young man passed it by. He passed it by, not because it is unworthy to want life to a green old age. He passed it by, I think, in spite of the fact that it is one's duty, other things being equal, to live as long as one can. Life is a very sacred thing, and that was a fine instinct of the Hebrew peoples which made old age a signal mark of divine favor and blessing. To the Oriental a short life was an indication of something wrong with a man's character or his relations to God. "Bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days." "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation." The blessing of keeping God's law meant "length of days and years of life." Men speak of the desire for permanent personal existence as though it were a selfish thing to want to live forever. But why is it any more selfish to want to live forever than to want to live tomorrow? The question of selfishness or unselfishness about that desire will depend wholly upon whether we want to live a selfish or an un-

selfish life tomorrow. It is not selfish to want to live forever unselfishly. And it is a perfectly natural and normal ambition to seek length of days here, for "the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

But the young man, in his dream, passed by the ambition for long life—not because it was a bad ambition, but because it was too narrow, too small. The quality of life is a larger thing than its quantity, and he rightly turned from the narrow circle to a wider one. There was once a colored woman who lived to be more than a hundred years old, who never learned to read or write, who knew nothing of the great, beautiful things which make life worth while, and who spent many of her years in an almshouse; yet she said, "I have lived a successful life; I have always had enough to eat." Now that is a perfectly legitimate and normal definition of a successful life, as far as it goes. It is not wrong, it is only small. Duty and honor and loyalty are too big for that circle. There were millions of young men in the World War who, with a kind of noble rage and splendid passion of sacrifice, threw away the prospect of long life for the larger objective, for those great spiritual ideals of liberty, justice, and humanity without which life itself would be unsupportable.

I think of that splendid boy, Dinsmore Ely, bound by ties of relationship and affection through three generations to a church where I once served as pastor. A mere lad in his teens, over yonder in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he heard his country's call, and, to reach the front in the shortest possible time, enlisted in an ambulance corps. Transferred to the aviation service on the other side, this high minded, clean souled young

man went to his death in the service of his country. Only a little while before the end he wrote a letter which ought to be graven in bronze and placed in every university and college in the country. That letter, as much as any other one factor, pulled the Third Liberty Loan out of the rut in the very crisis of its seeming failure. The words of this boy to his mother were printed, and thirty-five million copies were sent broadcast over the land. It was translated into many languages, and found its way around the world, bringing responses from hundreds of men and women. He wrote, "I want to say in closing, if anything should happen to me let's have no mourning in spirit or in dress. Like a Liberty bond, it is an investment, not a loss, when a man dies for his country. It is an honor for his family, and is that a time to weep? I would rather have my family rich in memories of my life than numbed in sorrow at my death."

One thinks of John Hay, mourning over the early death of his own beloved boy, and out of the depth of his sorrow giving to the world the melancholy music of his noble sonnet:

"At eve when the brief wintry day is sped,
I muse beside my fire's faint-flickering glare—
Conscious of wrinkling face and whitening hair—
Of those who, dying young, inherited
The immortal youthfulness of the early dead.
I think of Raphael's grand-seigneurial air;
Of Shelley and Keats, with laurels fresh and fair
Shining unwithered on each sacred head;
And soldier boys who snatched death's starry prize
With sweet life radiant in their fearless eyes,
The dreams of love upon their beardless lips,
Bartering dull age for immortality;
Their memories hold in death's unyielding fee
The youth that thrilled them to the finger tips."

Those glorious lads, the nineteen "men of the gold star" upon our college banner, these understood, and while long life was sweet and fair and to be desired, there were larger issues which made it "man's perdition to be safe when for the truth he ought to die." They "bartered dull age for immortality." Hail to the victors!

And then this young man, in his dream, came to a roadway whose signpost bore the inscription, "This way to a career of struggle and victory." The thought is expressed in a swift, grim, oriental phrase, "the life of them that hate thee." You must understand that this little phrase expressed broadly the idea of victory to an oriental mind. If your enemy won, he killed you. If you won, you killed him. It was quite a matter of course. It was all in the day's work. There were no hard feelings whatever about it. The finishing touch of killing one's enemy only furnished an incidental sidelight to the real essence of the situation, which consisted in winning out against hardships and obstacles. It meant struggle crowned by achievement.

Now the young man passed this roadway by. Solomon did not choose to be a fighting man. Yet he passed it by, not because the fighting instinct is an abnormal thing in humanity, nor because when rightly directed it is an evil thing in humanity. Certainly it is a fact of human nature with which every student of men and affairs must deal. The other day some friends of mine took me for a drive through one of the most beautiful parks in America. Here and there were noble pieces of statuary, most of them works of genuine art. Yet with the single exception of Abraham Lincoln, who, though personally a noncombatant, was commander-in-chief of one of the great-

est armies the world ever saw, every statue in the park represented a military man. I asked myself, "Where are the great inventors, Whitney, and McCormick, and Edison? Where are the great poets, Lowell, and Poe, and Whitman, and Emerson? Where are the great orators, Webster, and Wendell Phillips, and Henry Clay? Where are the great preachers, John Witherspoon, the spiritual backbone of the American Revolution; and Henry Ward Beecher, the spiritual backbone of the North in the Civil War?" They had been crowded out by the fighting men. General Grant, in his Memoirs, tells a little story of General Bragg, the great Confederate officer. "On one occasion, when stationed at a post of several companies commanded by a field officer, he was himself commanding one of the companies and at the same time acting as post quartermaster and commissary. He was first lieutenant at the time, but his captain was detached on other duty. As commander of the company he made a requisition upon the quartermaster—himself—for something he wanted. As quartermaster he declined to fill the requisition, and endorsed on the back of it his reasons for so doing. As company commander he responded to this, urging that his requisition called for nothing but what he was entitled to, and that it was the duty of the quartermaster to fill it. As quartermaster he still persisted that he was right. In this condition of affairs Bragg referred the whole matter to the commanding officer of the post. The latter, when he saw the nature of the matter referred, exclaimed: 'My God, Mr. Bragg, you have quarrelled with every officer in the army, and now you are quarrelling with yourself.'" This was what might be called misdirected fighting energy; and God

knows it is not the only case of misdirected fighting energy in the world! Yes, we have at least learned that all fighting energy is misdirected, unless it is used, not as an end in itself, but as a means to a larger end. We have at least progressed far enough in the long, long, winding trail by which humanity is moving upward toward Jesus Christ, that we have come to recognize fighting for its own sake, and victory for its own sake, as the business of beasts and not of men.

But the young man passed it all by, because even at the very best it was too small a circle for his life.

And then he saw in his dream another roadway, whose signpost bore the inscription, "This way to a career of fame and honor." Once more he passed by. Not, I take it, because the desire for honor is illegitimate or wicked. Most of those who cry out against honor and fame as a motive in life are of the class of people who have no prospect of acquiring either. When a man asserts that he has no desire to receive honor from his fellow men, the chances are that he is either hypocritical or abnormal. When a political leader, for instance, assures us that he has no desire for public life, that it would far better suit his shrinking and violet-like modesty to remain a private citizen, safely sheltered in the bosom of his family, and that only under pressure of insistence by his friends and a sense of responsibility to the public has he been compelled to forego his desire for humble obscurity, and to yield himself to a totally distasteful publicity; we feel like replying to him, "My dear sir, I sincerely hope you may gain the office for which you have been working night and day during many months, but why do you choose deliberately to insult our intelligence?"

It is perfectly natural and normal and right to strive for honors from a variety of good motives. Men seek them that they may pass down a heritage to their children. Men seek them as a spur to the best in themselves. Men seek them as a proper expression of aggressive personality. And men do seek them honestly and rightly for the sheer joy that comes out of the approbation of their fellow men. But this young man passed by the objectives of honor and fame, because, viewed by themselves, and without a vital background, they are perhaps the most foolish and futile objectives toward which our energy and labor can be directed. A witty Englishman once said that fame consisted in dying on the field of battle in India and having one's name misprinted in the London Times. It might be a healthfully humiliating exercise for some of us if one were to ask any cultured audience to name the vice presidents of the United States. Yes, we might be even more generous than that, and ask for the names of the presidents themselves, with rather doubtful results. In the long reach, fame is a poor, bare, miserable, futile thing. John Keats was a genius, yet his instinct was true when he composed his own epitaph, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." When Wolfe was toiling up the slopes at Quebec, where only a little later he was to give his life for that great, epoch-making victory over Montcalm, the victory that settled the fate of the American continent, it is said that he repeated softly to a friend:

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour:
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave;"

and added, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec tomorrow."

And then the young man, in his dream, came to another roadway, whose signboard bore the inscription, "This way to a career of wealth and riches." And once more he passed by on the other side. And he passed by, not because money is an evil, but because the love of money is a root of all kinds of evil. The curse was not in the Rhinegold of Richard Wagner's operas, but only in the selfish seeking and use of the Rhinegold. Wealth and riches are crystallized life and labor. They are the accumulated result of the brain and of the hand, and of the heart too. The woman who out of her penury cast in two mites to the Lord's treasury was said by Jesus literally to have cast in "her whole life." Money may be as honorable and as valuable as the life which it crystallizes and expresses, just as it is liable to the same kinds of misuse.

A good many years ago a great-hearted man of God preached a sermon worth a million dollars. Not many pulpit discourses, I grant you, have that commercial value. But this man went into a Chicago pulpit and preached a sermon on what he would do with such a sum of money. At the close of the service a business man came up to him and said, "Did you mean what you were preaching today?" The preacher replied, "I did." And the business man said, "Then, sir, I have a million dollars for you whenever you want to put that sermon to work." The sermon had been a plea for the education of boys in a great city, and the splendid Armour Institute of Technology stands today because Gunsaulus had the vision to use a million dollars, and because Armour had

the million dollars with which to translate the vision into fact. "Useless each without the other!" And while Solomon did not depreciate the million dollars, he rightly decided that the vision was a larger thing even than the money. He passed by the roadway to wealth, not because it was wrong, but because there was something larger than money in the ideal purpose that makes wealth a servant rather than a master.

At last the young man, in his dream, came to a roadway whose signpost bore the inscription, "This way to a life of wisdom and knowledge." And with a set, resolute face he turns toward that path. With unhesitating step he starts his life march upon it. He chose it, not because it was the only good, but because it was the largest, all-inclusive good. He chose it in the spirit of Christ, who said, "Seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." The event proved that the choice of wisdom and knowledge contained all the good in all the rest; riches and honor, victory and long life did come to him, because he had drawn the widest circle, the circle in which all the rest could be inscribed. Oh, it is true that Solomon's life had its later tragedy. But the tragedy came, not because he persisted in this choice, but because by and by he proved a traitor to it. And this choice has given his name its immortality.

Who can fail to honor a life which turns from all these splendid possibilities to gratify a scholar's ambition, to slake the thirst for knowledge? What has not that splendid passion to know accomplished in the history of the human race? It has been the motor nerve of progress. The picture Mr. Browning draws of the old Grammarian, weak and weary in body, yet with indomitable will and

purpose, following on through incredible difficulties, that he might learn and learn, that he might slake that insatiable thirst from the flagon of knowledge, is one which should be graven deeply on the heart of every student. For the love of knowledge men have cheerfully risked and lost their lives, they have given up honors, they have surrendered wealth. In the hunger to know, men have delved into the seas, and scaled the heavens, and dared the frozen pole, and sweltered and died under the tropical sun. For it they have willingly given their bodies to be experimented upon at the risk of disease and death. For it the pale scholar has burned the midnight oil, and into that sacrificial flame has cheerfully thrown his health, his happiness, and his fame. Ever eager to know what lies back of beyond, ever restless at the sight of an uncharted sea or an unsolved mystery, the scholar has been the pioneer, the fine forerunner of civilization. Mr. Lowell, in his essay on Abraham Lincoln, speaks of Lincoln's mind moving like the advance of a Roman legion, and wherever it went "his advanced posts became colonies." The outposts of the scholar's research become the colonies of the practical men who follow in his footsteps. What a splendid epitaph is that of John Richard Green at Mentone. "He died learning."

But even this noble ideal is grounded in a greater one. Back of knowledge stands wisdom. Without entering into any finely drawn distinctions, let me put the double significance in a single phrase: Wisdom is knowledge backed by character. It is more than a hard, dry, pedantic search for facts. As Wordsworth said, "Wisdom doth live with children round her knee." It is a search for knowledge, softened by the wonder and the reverence of

a little child. Without this, knowledge itself becomes not only futile, but dangerous. Faust had knowledge, but not wisdom. He was able to cry,

> "'Tis true I have more cunning than all your dull tribe,
> Magister and doctor, priest, parson, and scribe."

But knowledge without wisdom was the temptress through whose seductions Faust sold his soul to the devil. It is of knowledge in this sense that Tennyson sang:

> "Hold thou the good: define it well:
> For fear divine Philosophy
> Should push beyond her mark, and be
> Procuress to the Lords of Hell."

Educational experts quote the figures summed up and worked out by percentages, showing the verdict of the engineers' associations in America as to the qualities that make a successful engineer. And it has been pointed out that this composite verdict as to the qualities which secure positions and promotion rated technical ability nine per cent, and character forty-one per cent. You cannot divorce character from religion. You may and you should divorce it from sectarianism, but it can never be separated from that great center of all true religious life, the acknowledgment of God the Father through Jesus Christ, His Son and our Saviour.

For forty-seven years the city of Strasburg lay under the iron hand of the German conqueror. During all that time the French language was forbidden, and any word of loyalty to France, spoken or written, was a criminal offense. It is said that every New Year's Eve, promptly at midnight, the students of Strasburg met in solemn assembly and, even with the guards looking on, passed the

great statue of Kleber, the French commander during Napoleon's time. Then the students gazed upon this statue, yes, and gazed beyond it to Him that sitteth in the heavens and rules the affairs of men. Then, without a spoken word, each student renewed his loyalty to France, his fatherland, and to the day of liberty.

I call upon you to choose the way toward the widest goal, the one goal that includes all that is best in every other. Knowledge backed by character, character backed by religion, religion centered in Christ. That is the supreme, the all-inclusive, objective of a great life. Take your stand and lift your eyes once more to the colossal figure of our Great Commander. Renew a supreme and unfaltering loyalty to Him in whom alone you find life's widest circle.

"He is a path if any are misled,
He is a robe if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he!
To dead men life, he is to sick men health,
To blind men sight, and to the poor man wealth,
A treasure without loss, a pleasure without stealth."

X

THE SONS OF BEATEN OIL

In Ian Maclaren's beautiful tales of the Scotch glen, Domsie, the village schoolmaster, pleads with Drumsheugh, the village miser, for the money with which to educate George Howe, a prize pupil, "a lad o' pairts." Drumsheugh, with natural reluctance toward the loss of worldly gear, or with an equally natural desire to tease and test his old friend, affects to deny his request. The hard refusal stirred the soul of the pedantic old parish schoolmaster. "The spirit of the Humanists awoke within him, and he smote with all his might, bidding good-bye to his English as one flings away the scabbard of a sword. 'Ye think that a'm asking a great thing when I plead for a pickle notes to give a puir laddie a college education. I tell ye, man, a'm honorin' ye and givin' ye the fairest chance ye'll ever hae o' winning wealth. Gin ye store the money ye hae scrapit by mony a hard bargain, some heir ye never saw'll gar it flee in chambering and wantonness. Gin ye hed the heart to spend it on a lad o' pairts like Geordie Hoo, ye wud hae two rewards nae man could tak frae ye. Ane wud be the honest gratitude o' a laddie whose desire for knowledge ye hed sateesfied, and the second wud be this—anither scholar in the land; and a'm thinking with auld John Knox that ilka scholar is something added to the riches of the commonwealth.' "

There is no more tender story in all literature than the

training of this young scholar. Even though George Howe dies before he can translate his noble intellectual equipment into practical service, we feel that Drumsheugh's hardly-earned shillings have not been spent in vain. This fine flower of Scottish university life is indeed cut down by an untimely frost. But its fragrance had quickened dead souls into new birth. Its brief loveliness left an inalienable inheritance. We feel that it was far better for this fair lad to have loved learning, and for the sake of that supreme love to have lost his life, than never to have loved it at all. And the dying scholar justified the bold statement of the Scotch reformer. For his life and character furnished a permanent addition to the riches of the commonwealth.

We who are heirs of John Knox must never forget that the traditions of the scholar are part of our spiritual inheritance. They have been our glory, and we dare not let that glory fade. There is a type of religious worker, high in emotional voltage, low in clear, steadfast thinking, which would have us believe that learning is at its best futile, and at its worst dangerous. Now it is true that God, who works in divers manners, does not depend upon the scholar alone for His results. He may call a farmer, a fisherman, a shepherd, a tinker, a gypsy, a shoe salesman, a ball player, to great tasks and victorious service. But if the rule cannot estop the exception, much less can the exception estop the rule. And I believe the rule to be that a good Christian becomes a better one if he develops a sound mind in a sound body, a trained ability to think, a large and fresh and accurate collection of facts, and a wide horizon of intellectual vision. God's workmen must *study* to show themselves approved unto

Him. Christian service neglects rounded scholarship at its peril. This has been the lesson of history. The great heresies and the cults and the fanaticisms have always been born out of unclear thinking by untrained minds. Consecrated? Yes! "Sons of oil" was Zechariah's graphic term for dedicated men. But no cheap oil, no crude stuff, adulterated, unstrained, unworked! "Beaten oil" for the sanctuary; that was God's law. Oil that was purified and tested, sweet and true and clear, must be brought to His service. And we are to be "Sons of Beaten Oil." We dare not use crude stuff in God's house while making shift to palliate our sheer intellectual laziness by cheap platitudes about the simple gospel. Many crimes have been committed in the name of the "simple gospel." Such a gospel is quite often an easy alibi for the sluggish mind which shrinks from grappling with the great fundamental problems of life. There can be no more tragic error than to assume that religious education can dispense with the stern standards of scholarship. On the contrary, the church college must be able to prepare men for the world of scholars who may stand along with the finished product of the best university life, clear-eyed and unafraid.

It is true that God did choose the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. But this does not imply intellectual weakness. It meant weakness in resources, in wealth, in social prestige and political pulls if you please. But these words came from the most finely trained intellect of his time.

It is true also that "unlearned and ignorant men" made up part at least of the crowd that were eye witnesses of the great gospel drama. There is an old principle of

English common law which submits questions of ordinary fact to a jury of twelve plain men. The twelve apostles were in a manner of speaking a jury of common men to pass upon the facts of common observation about Jesus. But English common law also supposed that the significance of the facts, the principles by which they are to be judged, and the conclusions to be drawn from them, should be developed by lawyers and judges, by trained scholars. The significance of the gospel facts witnessed by the apostolic jury of twelve plain men was worked out by a lawyer's mind, in the intellectual processes of the most highly educated gentleman of his time, known in history as the Apostle Paul. When the opinions of the Church regarding the person of Christ were finally crystallized, early in the fourth century, it was under the skillful touch of another trained scholar, Athanasius, whom Julian in derision called "a manikin"; but who as a mere boy dominated the Council of Nice by the sheer weight of his trained intellect, back of which were the passions of a great consecrated heart. The profoundest thinking in Christian anthropology, thinking which in a sense guides the Church today in its study of the gospel of human sin and need, came a century later from another great scholar, Augustine. Every time we preach the Cross we are following in the footsteps of the scholars Anselm and Bernard. For us the Protestant Reformation centers around a French gentleman and scholar, John Calvin, the first writer of pure, classical French: "never did the right word fail him; he called it and it came." With his highly trained legal mind aflame with a passionate devotion to Christ and liberty, this young man at the age of twenty-six struck out the supreme handbook of

the Protestant Reformation. It was an Oxford gentleman and scholar, John Wesley, who at the very ebb tide of religious life and thought in England wrought a great revival which gave to modern Christianity the Methodist Church and saved the world from the dry rot of English deism. And John Knox held that it was the duty of the Church to nourish centers where learning might be given even for learning's sake. Let it always be remembered that the beacon lights of mediaeval and modern religious life were in their day and age the peers of the world's best scholars.

It is true one might consider certain advantages of the uneducated. There is an "infinite capacity of the human mind to resist the introduction of useful knowledge" which bears a direct ratio to an infinite and untroubled dogmatism in directing the minds and consciences of others. A witty contemporary said of Lord Macaulay, "I wish I was as cock-sure of any thing as Tom Macaulay is of every thing." It is sometimes the privilege of ignorance to be more sure of everything than the scholar is of anything, in the sense of finality. And a man whose untroubled mental vacuity has never even dreamed concerning the existence of certain perplexing problems in life and thought, much less grappled with them, is sometimes accustomed to pass final judgment upon souls who in pain and agony must fight their way out into the sunlight. I have heard the bitter hue and cry of heresy hunters raised against a sensitive soul who had known what it was to fall upon the floor in a sheer agony of weeping through the intensity of his eager yearning to find the truth and follow it.

Now peace purchased at the price of ignorance is far

too expensive. It is unmanly and degenerating. Easy dogmatism is the peculiar prerogative of the uneducated; painful grappling with ever-elusive problems the unending task of the scholar. But it is his glory that he dare not purchase peace at the price of intellectual dishonesty or of intellectual cowardice. Better far than the smug contentment of a static mind is the agony of the young scholar weeping in the night and falling on the great world altar stair that slopes through the darkness up to God. Far better Frederick W. Robertson, at one time crazed with doubts, pacing the shores of the sea with the very heavens brass over his head. For mark you, when Robertson emerges, as he did emerge, into the sunlight, he has a peace that no untrained mind can ever experience. It is not the peace of him who has never gone down to the battle, but of him who has emerged to the victory. Far better than the easy dogmatism of the ignorant is the dying cry of Goethe, "More light."

"The easy path of the lowland
Hath little of grand or new,
But the toilsome ascent leads on
To a grand and glorious view.
Peopled and warm the valley,
Lonely and chill the height,
But the path that is nearest the storm-cloud
Is nearest the stars of light."

Consider for one thing knowledge in the aspect of inherent pleasure. What can compare with the sheer joy of widening our intellectual boundaries? To the eager mind every fresh discovery brings something akin to ecstasy. It is like "some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken." Every new intellectual acquirement opens soul windows skyward. One might

accept Kant's dictum that the human mind is an island surrounded by an impenetrable sea. Impenetrable, perhaps, yet who would not have the sheer joy of sailing his frail craft as far as he can out toward the dim horizons of this fascinating universe? Unfortunate as is the condition of the poor scholar with large capacity for enjoyment and little means to satisfy that capacity, it is as nothing to the infinite tragedy of the wealthy ignoramus who has the means of enjoyment without the capacity. To be concrete, I know of a man who in a successful business career has acquired millions. Yet now, in middle life, with no home, no circle of friends, no intellectual enjoyments, no knowledge of art or music or literature, no zest of travel, no desire for service, his soul is dying of deep weariness because its upper windows, toward the stars and the free sunlight, have never been opened. What wonder that such a man has little belief in, or care for, personal immortality! Why, the joy of heaven is in the eternally widening horizon of knowledge. More and more ours will be the zest of those who come to know as they are known, and who have the infinite ranges of this great universe, inwrought with intellect and majesty and beauty, as a field of study. Ours eternally the joy of the pioneer, the insatiable thirst for fresh discovery which furnishes new allurement with every new plane of intellectual attainment. When men catch the secret of that joy they care nothing for scholarship as a means of gaining wealth or fame. They leave to others those pitiful by-products, because in the sheer joy of the learning they have that which makes all other blessings seem bare and futile. Mr. Kipling has put the spirit of it in his picture of the pioneer:

"Well I know who'll take the credit—all the clever chaps that followed—
Came, a dozen men together—never knew my desert fears;
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water holes I'd hollowed.
They'll go back and do the talking. They'll be called the Pioneers!

They will find my sites of townships—not the cities that I set there.
They will rediscover rivers—not my rivers heard at night.
By my own old marks and bearings they will show me how to get there,
By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my feet aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one single acre?
Have I kept one single nugget—(barring samples)? No, not I.
Because my price was paid me ten times over by my Maker.
But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and occupy."

So the scholar moves toward fresh discoveries with an insatiable appetite and a joy that can neither be shared nor understood by the smug plodders who follow in his footsteps.

Consider also knowledge as power. Back of all physical forces, back of the colossal masses of men and munitions, it was the intellect of a few trained minds which won the war. Brain pitted against brain, the issues were joined. Physical forces were only the rooks and pawns in the game. Trained minds were the real weapons. And if the peace which ensued had been shaped by the hands

of trained scholars, rather than of supple and facile politicians, we should have a different world today!

Not long ago the president of a notable American university told me about a distinguished inventor who has won world-wide fame. Not a college-bred man, this mighty scientist has heaped unending scorn and derision upon the training of the schools. Assuming that the business of education was to furnish to men a miscellany of facts, rather than to give them trained minds to grasp the significance of facts, this distinguished gentleman has condemned our colleges *in toto* because certain graduates could not tell the kind of wood used in axe handles, or the depth of the Pacific ocean a hundred miles east of the Hawaiian Islands. Yet the university president told me how at the crucial hour of the World War he was called to the telephone late one night. The great inventor was on the line, and he wanted help. Working for weeks upon the problem of detecting the submarine by means of vibrations in the water, he had failed. In answer to his appeal for assistance the president of that university sent to him a young scientist, a finished product of modern college life, a man whose cultural studies were pursued, I am proud to say, in The College of Wooster. And the highly trained "theoretical" scholar brought to the "practical" inventor just the help that he needed. Through this timely assistance the problem was solved. But neither then nor now has this "self-made man who worships his creator" paused in the torrent of invective against college scholars long enough to acknowledge in a sportsman's way the help which college scholarship brought him in his time of need.

The fact is that, other things being equal, there is no

limit to the possibilities before a young man or a young woman who knows "a little of everything and everything of something," and who has that knowledge organized and balanced in a highly disciplined mind. If you can speak with the command and authority that come from the final knowledge of what you are talking about, "Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it." The power of the New Testament Church came from men who were able to say, "We speak that which we know." The Master Himself, who spake as never man spake, had always the ease of an expert and the finality of an authority. His simplicity was never that of intellectual limitation, but that of one who knew his subject clear through. The crystal-clear and almost childlike announcement of great fundamental truths is possible only to one who has dropped his intellectual plummet to the very bottom of truth's deep sea.

The third phase of the matter presents itself to us as we think of scholarship in terms of service. It is, I grant you, quite possible to think of learning apart from service. There is a pursuit of knowledge which is shot through and through with selfishness, commercialism and essential vulgarity. It is, however, to be noted of scholarship in its broad sense and its long-time aspect, that it has ever maintained noble ideals of disinterested service. This has been true because in the end selfishness, commercialism, and vulgarity are automatically destructive of the spirit which makes the scholar. A certain measure of idealism is fundamental to the quest for knowledge, and the ethical code of those who have been on this great quest will bear comparison with that of any group of men whatsoever. The dangers of learning we can all under-

stand. There is of course the danger of undue pride of learning for its own sake. This hardens down into the mere pedantry of those who, like the Meistersingers in Richard Wagner's opera, lose the spirit of musical expression in slavish adherence to technical rules. Then there is the danger of isolation in the pursuit of learning—that the student or teacher should be out of the warm currents of normal life. He must ever keep in mind that he can know life only as he lives. There is the danger, too, of irresolution and indecision, as an outcome of much learning. Sometimes vigorous volitions of the will become impossible in scholars, like Hamlet, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." There is danger, too, in the coldness of scholarship. The vast wind-swept spaces under the fixed stars are dark and gloomy and freezing in temperature. Men who study in that field are sometimes chilled to the very marrow of the soul.

All of these perils, however, may be obviated if the scholar keeps steadily in mind that learning can perpetuate itself only in the noble spirit of service. Once appreciating this, the learned man will throw aside all pride and become as the greatest scholars have usually been, simple as a little child. He will avoid an isolated life. He will not stand, as Henry Adams did, with arms akimbo, gazing at the procession from the point of view of a blasé and cynical spectator. He will be a part of the procession and carry a banner and lift his voice in the cheers and songs of his brother men. Moreover, he will check up the abstractions of life by a constant recourse to what Professor James called the "will to believe." He will not give way to the paralysis of all resolve in an air of negations and abstractions. Above all, in deliberately

choosing to serve his fellow men he will learn to love them, and the supreme danger of what is called cold scholarship will never even threaten him. For he that is greatest of all in learning should be servant of all. The scholar must set the ranges for civilization. He sweeps the past through history, biology, geology, archeology, and the classics. He evaluates the present by the sciences, physical, social, political, and theological. He pierces the future with a poet's eye, the intuitions of the seer and the prophet. His study of great literatures in English and in all the modern languages makes of him an international mediator and a forerunner of the coming "Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

I have heard of an elderly lady who wanted to see New York. She came into the great metropolis by the underground lines of the New York Central. She took the underground shuttle train to Times Square. She traveled the subway to the Battery. She came back, still underground, to the Pennsylvania Station. She went out of New York through the Hudson Tunnel. When asked for her impressions she replied that she had had a "worm's eye view of New York." But a little later came another visitor, Albert, King of the Belgians. Wearied one day with many social attentions, he traveled incognito up the Hudson to a government aviation station. From there an experienced airman took him on a flying journey over Manhattan Island, and he studied every detail of the mighty city from the air. He had a bird's eye view of New York.

America has many men and women who have but a worm's eye view of the great coming City of God. Narrowness, provincialism, ignorance, must be met by high-

minded scholarship with its bird's eye view of past, present, and future, with its fine idealism and with the practical patience which only the scholar can attain, the patience that enables him to "follow the gleam" and yet to bide his time. And thus it is his to become the link between the centuries, to bind up the past, present, and future in one great constructive whole. And when the material accomplishments of the so-called practical life have crumbled to the dust, still the scholar's vision of truth, expressed in deathless forms of precision and beauty, abides from age to age.

"Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them.
Still they are carolled and said—
On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried."

I have been making my plea to Christian men and women for the scholarly passion and ideals. Permit me now to plead with the great world of scholarship on behalf of the supreme Teacher. I do not believe the libel which declares that the world of learned men is anti-Christian. A certain professor of Bryn Mawr College published, a few years ago, the results of a referendum among scientists as to belief in a personal God and in immortality. To some thinkers the announced results were ominous. But it must be remembered that the question regarding a personal God was one which involved a belief not only in a God but in the possibility of fellowship with Him, and in the answer to prayer. Even on so rigorous a basis

a great proportion of these thinkers proclaimed their acceptance of such a God, and more than half of them, as I remember, even as scientists, declared their belief in personal immortality. But in addition, one must bear in mind the fact that what these men might refuse to testify as scientists, they do believe as men. For many men quite foolishly separate between their scientific beliefs and their Christian faiths. And I make bold to say that many men who would refuse as scientists to attest any scientific belief in God and immortality, do practically accept both. There is one further consideration. The question of whether a man is a believer is one which would have different answers in different times and moods. Many a thinker who might, both as a scientist and as a man, proclaim agnosticism in his laboratory or his study, will when confronted by the grim tragedies of life in his home turn to God as the flowers turn to the sun. In a word, it is my deep and growing conviction that there is far more religious belief in the world of great scholars and even of eminent physical scientists than the average man realizes. We can help the scholar by patience with him. Sometimes he is grappling with problems of which we do not even dream. But we can help him most of all by pointing out to him the rule of Jesus, "Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." The childlike mind is the door into truth which abstract reason can never open. I have long since given over the dream of great scholarship, because of the insistent demands which life has made upon me in the direction of practical service. It is mine, like Moses of old, to stand on the top of Pisgah and look across into the promised land and see hosts of

young men and young women passing over into that delectable country on which I shall never set my feet. As you march on into the promised land of learning, remember that the greatest minds which the world has ever produced have bowed with the simplicity of little children before the Cross of Christ. And if ever the sheer love of learning for its own sake, or the pride of opinion, or the perplexity of any criss-cross tracks of thought, sweep you far out from this supreme center for all constructive thinking, then my appeal to you is voiced in that poem of Alfred Noyes which he calls "The Old Skeptic."

"I am weary of disbelieving: why should I wound my love
To pleasure a sophist's pride in a graven image of truth?
I will go back to my home, with the clouds and the stars above,
And the heaven I used to know, and the God of my buried youth.

I will go back to the home where of old in my boyish pride
I pierced my father's heart with a murmur of unbelief.
He only looked in my face as I spoke, but his mute eyes cried
Night after night in my dreams; and he died in grief, in grief.

Books? I have read the books, the books that we write ourselves,
Extolling our love of an abstract truth and our pride of debate:
I will go back to the love of the cotter who sings as he delves,
To that childish infinite love and the God above fact and date.

To that ignorant infinite God who colours the meaningless flowers,
To that lawless infinite Poet who crowns the law with the crime;
To the Weaver who covers the world with a garment of wonderful hours,
And holds in His hand like threads the tales and the truths of time.

. . . .

I will go back to my home and look at the wayside flowers,
And hear from the wayside cabins the kind old hymns again,
Where Christ held out His arms in the quiet evening hours,
And the light of the chapel porches broods on the peaceful lane.

And there I shall hear men praying the deep old foolish prayers,
And there I shall see, once more, the fond old faith confessed,
And the strange old light on their faces who hear as a blind man hears,—
Come unto Me, ye weary, and I will give you rest.

I will go back and believe in the deep old foolish tales,
And pray the simple prayers that I learned at my mother's knee,
Where the Sabbath tolls its peace thro' the breathless mountain-vales,
And the sunset's evening hymn hallows the listening sea."

XI

THE BITTER CRY OF THE WAR WEARY

TEXT: Then Abner called to Joab, and said, Shall the sword devour for ever? Knowest thou not that it will be bitterness in the latter end? how long shall it be then, ere thou bid the people return from following their brethren?
—II *Samuel* 2:26

Here is a cross section of human history as vivid as the morning headlines. Rival claimants for a dead man's throne, fighting champions of each, cruelty and craft, blind hatred and equally blind loyalty, stark brutality tempered by occasional flashes of chivalry—this is the tale of a thousand wars in many lands, a story pictured with uncanny precision, colored with unsurpassed fidelity.

In these words of Abner, however, we catch a trumpet note which lifts the whole scene from the sordid commonplace of a hundred battlefields to the dignity of a milestone on the highway of the Prince of Peace. An instinctive longing for a better day relieves the moment of deepest tragedy. Under the "blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire" we catch a glimpse, if ever so tiny, of the new, sweet-scented white flower of peace. Hard, brutal, desperate men are these, but from the lips of the one come words of deathless passion, of pathetic beauty, of hope springing up from the very ashes of despair. And the heart of the other leaps up to them, even as the hearts of men must leap up to them today. For they

show that the hardest fighting man is never wholly brutal; they ring with passionate revolt against an intolerable business; they assure us that the yearning for permanent peace can never be smothered even in the blood of the bitterest conflict.

"Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!"

Listen to the bitter cry of the war weary in every age and time! "Shall the sword devour forever? Knowest thou not that it will be bitterness in the latter end? how long shall it be then, ere thou bid the people return from following their brethren?"

The man is dull indeed whose blood does not run a little more quickly under the touch of these dramatic words. And they are dramatic because they are at once so simple and so universal. This hard, bloody man Abner, the product of a hard, bloody age, had still within him the heart of a poet. He has voiced the instincts of a sickened and disillusioned world today; he has become a mouthpiece for millions of brave men who are not afraid to fight or to die if it be necessary, but whose very souls are in revolt against the unrelieved waste and unrecompensed destruction wrought by war—against its utter and absolute futility—and in whose minds there is the growing conviction, born of desperation, that civilization must find some way to end war speedily or that war will end civilization, and that, too, speedily.

With what terrible fidelity this cry of Abner's expresses the sheer destruction, the unredeemable waste of war! "Shall the sword devour forever?" How apt and final the expression! The sword produces nothing. It devours everything. Men are questioning more and more whether there is any constructive outcome, even of wars which we have counted justifiable and necessary, which could not have been achieved without them. So far as its direct results are concerned, it is a devouring monster in whose hideous maw whole nations and civilizations have been swallowed up almost without a trace. In terms of biology, it means the survival of the unfit. It necessitates the reverse breeding of the race.

All the great dominant nations, the big military powers, have decayed and fallen. Why? Because long series of devastating wars have selected the best young manhood and marked it for early slaughter, long before it produced offspring. By the same process, war culled out the unfit, the weak, the sickly, the tainted, the degenerate, the morons, and made of them the fathers of the next generation. There was the downfall of Assyria, of Macedonia, of Rome, and of Spain. And all the militarist peoples today may profit by their example. Every anthropologist and every stock-raiser knows that this method, applied to flocks and herds, would result in a speedy atavism, a reversion to the wild breeds of barbarism.

So the indictment against war is not only in its material waste. It is not only in burned libraries and ruined works of art and desecrated cathedrals and flooded coal mines and decimated forests and wrecked cities, and the terrific waste of building materials converted from constructive to destructive purposes, and the million million

tons of coal lost forever to industry and commerce. This is the slightest and most inconsequential element of waste. We have begun to fathom the real loss only when we consider the spilled life-blood of civilization.

This destruction of the fit and survival of the unfit has always been true under the old hit-and-miss methods of military enlistment. Today, as Mr. Will Irwin has pointed out, all the great nations, including our own, use conscription. We are compelled to do so because in war for the time being everything must bend to the one grim purpose of winning, and experience has taught us that this purpose is best subserved through conscription. Now this means that with scrupulous care and an absolutely scientific accuracy each nation singles out for destruction the flower of its manhood, before that manhood has reproduced itself in the next generation. In the Civil War, God help us, we used beardless lads. It is said that, practically speaking, the battle of Gettysburg was fought and won by high school boys. I have been told that, when the Civil War closed, there were under arms more than a million soldiers aged eighteen or younger. Some advancement has been made in this respect, at least in our own country. But beginning, let us say, with the age of twenty-one, we shall find that up to the age of forty-five the percentage of mortality is like a pyramid. The first in arms, the first in action, the hardiest men for shock troop divisions, are in the athletic age from twenty-one to twenty-five. First in arms and always first in the death lists. And pitifully few have left even one child behind them. Here is the heaviest loss, and from this it shades off with a lower percentage from twenty-five to thirty, lower still from thirty to forty,

and from the age of forty to forty-eight the losses become almost negligible.

Now what is the biological significance of this? Why, the surviving men are those who had already become fathers. The men who fall are lost to the race. Mr. Irwin asserts that in France, of the million and three quarters who were killed, sixty per cent were between the ages of nineteen and thirty-one. And these regal men, the best manhood of France, left behind them on the average not one child to a man. Germany lost two million in about the same proportion. Thus far, war has spared the woman and has allowed her to maintain the biological standards of the race. The next war will change all that. The fittest women physically and mentally will have more and more a place of service in military operations. Not on the front line, perhaps, but increasingly serving in posts of real danger. And we shall see that in the next war, if it should ever come, there will be no front line. Someone has said that when a battle endangers the crockery of the diplomats as much as it endangers the lives of the front line fighters, these same diplomats will find a way of ending it. There may be a gleam of hope here, for in the next war there will be no front line, and the home of the statesman who brought the war on is likely to share, with the trench of the doughboy who has to fight it, in a common danger, perhaps in the end "in one red burial blent."

"Oh, fool, and how should we know
What it is all about?
Go to the men that sowed the crop,
We only threshed it out.

Wordy statesmen sowed the crop,
And 'fore God it yielded mightily,
As row on row of stalwart men
Swung wide in their swaths full doughtily;

On row, on row, of human chaff,
With here and there the grain;
And Peter stood at heaven's gate,
Sifting the souls of the slain."

Now what is the outcome of all this? Vernon Kellogg tells us that the French records in the generation after the Napoleonic wars show that France had to lower her standards of height, weight, and physical fitness for her recruits. Why? Because the unfit had survived and the fit had perished. I remember how, many years ago, Dr. McDonald of the Toronto Globe pointed out that the physical standards of the Scotch Highland regiments have been steadily lowering from generation to generation. Why? Because the unfit have survived and the fit have perished. I went recently from place to place in the dear land of my fathers, and as I stood in her majestic churches and cathedrals it seemed to me that the muster roll of her best manhood could be called from the memorial tablets that covered their walls! How tragically monotonous grew the inscriptions—"Killed in Egypt", "Killed in the Sudan", "Killed in India", "Killed in South Africa", "Killed in Turkey", "Killed on the Continent"—until the heart sickened and the imagination faltered at the sheer pity of it all. Scotland's boys, her brave, high-minded, brainy boys, slain all around the world; and I understood what Lowell meant when he saw the high school lads marching to their doom in the Civil War:

"'Tain't right to hev the young go fust,
All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
To try an' make b'lieve fill their places!
Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,
Ther' 's gaps our lives can't never fay in
An' thet world seems so fur from this
Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in!"

So far the grim lesson of the past. What of prognosis for the days to come? The contrast between that which has been and that which is to be may well be expressed by the difference between retail and wholesale slaughter. And the future battle implies not only the wholesale killing of combatants, but of non-combatants as well. There will be literally "no discharge in *that* war." I remember very well how in the early days of our entrance into the world conflict a certain business man complained bitterly to me about the administration's attitude on poison gas. He had gone down to Washington on that matter, and our Government had refused to touch it, to his great disgust. But later the United States Government was compelled to take up poison gas for the simple reason that the enemy was using it, a reason that will always prove conclusive in the midst of a campaign, no matter what paper agreements were signed in times of peace. In war the rule of the worst becomes the law of the whole. And the United States Government, which at first had been too humane for poison gas, went into the nasty business with unsurpassed thoroughness and businesslike efficiency. I remember how my late friend, Dr. Gunsaulus, told me of gases developed in the laboratories of Armour Institute, with many times the destructive efficiency of anything used in the war. Had the conflict continued

another six months, we should have been ready with Lewisite gas. It is invisible and hence incapable of detection in advance. It is heavier than air, sinking into the dugouts so that none can escape by burrowing into the ground. Its deadly poison kills by contact with the body, as well as by inhalation. It is fifty-five times greater in area of radiation than anything used in our campaign. Twelve bombs of it would have eliminated Berlin from the map.

With radio-guided airplanes set by machinery to discharge bombs at a given point without the use of a pilot, we shall have guns of practically unlimited range—guns, let us say, of the range of Europe. And the enemy will have something like it too. General Mitchell has pointed out how two hundred tons of phosgene gas laid thus on the city of New York would turn it overnight into a shambles, making a necropolis out of our metropolis. In the last war thirty millions died directly or indirectly; but that was only retail war. The next will be wholesale. The German Government almost wrecked civilization by her submarine campaign, and it is testified that never at any time did she have more than twenty-five of these little engines of undersea destruction at work! In the next war we shall see twenty-five hundred at work. We were just learning about tanks when Armistice Day came. This particular branch of wholesale killing will be developed along with the rest. And as though this were not enough, the killing ray and disease germs are coming to the front as possibilities in the grim art of wholesale human destruction. Surely this ghastly menace which hangs over us might use the words of the Veiled Prophet in Moore's tragic poem:

"Here—judge if hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!"

The second aspect of the matter is the irresistible feeling in the minds of all thoughtful men that the whole business is not only uncalculable waste, but sheer blind stupidity and utter futility. This, too, has been expressed in the cry of Abner. "Knowest thou not that it will be bitterness in the latter end?" Yes, bitterness in the latter end. It gets nowhere. One might risk the waste of blood and treasure if there were compensating advantage in the dénouement. We thought, some of us, in our blindness, that there would be spiritual compensations. We thought that war would somehow ennoble the characters and refine the spiritual perceptions of its participants. Never was a more pitiful illusion shattered so completely. There was a time when individual combat might develop chivalry. The wholesale killing of men by machinery and chemistry has ended all that. The men who came back strong and fine and clean were not made so by war. They came back that way because, thank God, they were strong and fine and clean enough to withstand what the brutal trenches tried to do to them.

But we dreamed that no matter what the war might do to men individually, it was at least a war to end war. I was one of those who held from the beginning of the conflict that we must join it. It seemed to me that the central empires were the supreme citadels of militarism, and that they must be beaten before militarism could be wiped out. I felt that it must be fought out if only to show that they who take the sword must perish by the sword.

Yet none of us are now foolish enough to believe that

this was a war to end war. On the contrary, the "next war" is on all men's lips on the other side of the Atlantic. Europe finds herself in the same old vicious circle. The things which the defeat of Germany seemed to settle remain unsettled. Men say, "The war ended too soon; we should have marched into Berlin and dictated terms of peace." But suppose we *had* marched into Berlin. We could not have stayed there always, and the moment the allied armies came out they would have had to reckon with the bitter hatreds and grim determination for revenge which has always followed the signal humbling of a strong nation by such a campaign. Germany marched to Paris in 1871. But even Germany could not stay there, and when she came out she sowed the dragon's teeth all along her trail. Force settles nothing permanently. Only justice and agreements framed in common councils can do that. Jesus laid down that great law, and He knew what he was talking about. Christian men whose only solution of our present situation is to "treat Germany rough" have not the faintest glimmering of what the New Testament really means!

No country except France suffered more terribly than did England. And nowhere is there a more bitter disillusionment about the result of war than in the British Empire. I heard Dr. Norwood in the London City Temple, speaking officially on behalf of the British Non-Conformist Ministry, say in substance that for Great Britain her victory over Germany was only a slight shade less disastrous than would have been Germany's victory over Great Britain. And when one studied the faces of that vast audience, representing homes saddened by irreparable losses, he could not read a single sign of disapproval

in the face of this amazing statement. The Lloyd-George ministry that wintered so many storms fell partly through the sheer war-weariness of a disillusioned people. Labor balked and sent word to the Prime Minister: "The whole Dardanelles are not worth one British soldier."

And then along with disillusionment as to the results of war come misgivings, sad misgivings, as to what might have been. When that tragic midsummer madness fell upon the world in July of 1914, there was no machinery for quick international conference. Bear in mind that the first Hague Conference came after nine months of preparation, and the second after two years of preliminary work. The recent Washington Arms Conference required four months in the way of preparatory service. In the rapidly hurrying events of that terrible time there was no opportunity for the statesmen involved to get together. There was no conference machinery. When not long ago the soldiers of Jugo-Slavia crossed the border line into Albania, and an international menace developed, it took the League of Nations just nine days to get a conference at work on the subject. Set aside all argument as to the merits of the League of Nations. But if we had had at least some machinery at hand by which the various powers involved could have been seated around a table before the catastrophe, even as they were compelled to sit around a table afterwards, the catastrophe itself might never have happened. We dare not dwell on this. "That way madness lies! Let me shun that!" One scarcely dares to contemplate the fact that Earl Grey, with his back to the wall, through those terrible two weeks was without an opportunity even to meet the men on whose decision rested the fate of the world; and as Raymond Fosdick points out,

on the basis of a handful of telegrams translated from one language to another, hurriedly written and inadequately translated, the supreme horror of world history was consummated. Pitifully unavailing are our useless regrets, but if such an emergency comes again and we are no better prepared with the machinery of conference, then every man who, from blind partisanship or personal hatreds or narrow nationalistic selfishness, has blocked the path of a world organization for peace, must stand before the bar of his own conscience and cry with Macbeth:

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

The cry of Abner has, however, a third aspect. There is in it an instinctive longing reaching out toward a great certainty that there must be some better way. "How long shall it be ere thou bid the people return from following their brethren?" The heart of the man will not rest until it has leaped forward toward a better day when men will not follow their brethren for purposes of destruction. Yes, the very heart of the matter is found in the fact that these hostile camps were brethren, if they only knew and realized it.

It is considered as unlikely that civilization can ever endure on the basis of Tolstoy's non-resistance doctrine. Personally I do not accept that interpretation of the words of Jesus which teaches an absolute and unqualified non-resistance. If a bandit attempted to take the life of a little girl, non-resistance might kill the girl by sparing the bandit. We have arrived at a state of society where force is no longer the law by which individual differences

are settled. The code duello has been abrogated, at least on this side of the water. But civilization does still use force against the outlaw, as in the case of the policeman who conquers the bandit and saves the girl. And we must come to this status among nations. Force must no longer be the means of settlement of differences between nations *under* law. Its only justifiable use is by nations collectively against the *outlaw*. In some way the world must organize for peace and bring to bear on the outlaw first the force of world sentiment, and then the force of economic boycott, with the use of collective police powers only as a last resort. I am profoundly convinced that the first two forces would in most cases prove sufficient. I care not under what form the nations band together, nor what name is used, nor whose glory will be heightened or lessened, nor which party may gain advantage. In one way or another the world must organize for peace, or civilization is doomed.

I am persuaded, too, that this world problem can be worked out only on the basis of friendly understanding and cooperation between the two branches of the great Anglo-Saxon peoples. Such an understanding is absolutely essential, and every Christian man should resist with all his powers of heart and hand those on either side of the water who would make political gain by stirring up strife between the two great English-speaking nations. It is said that Robert Browning, scrupulously careful of all social forms, was once late at a formal dinner. Apologizing to his hostess, he remarked that he had taken time to go to his club and blackball an English editor who was trying to make trouble between England and America. Would God we had more Brownings on both sides of the

water! For in the very nature of things a permanent policy of isolation is neither justified nor possible in America. Without us Europe is helpless and hopeless. And we are not to imagine that the failure of Europe will leave us unscathed. It will not do for this powerful, wealthy and nominally Christian country to keep hands off while war ravages the ancient Christian lands of the Near East, and then pass the hat to take a poor, pitiful collection in the interests of the remaining widows and orphans who have survived the catastrophe. The Christianity of America must be international as well as individual.

Dr. Jowett has stirred the heart of the English-speaking world by his challenge: "What has the Church of Christ to say?" We must answer that challenge or allow His enemies to place the crown of thorns once more upon the sacred head of our Lord. Shall the Church of Christ, in the face of such a summons, remain dumb and impotent and cringing and apologetic? What of the world organized for peace? It was the dear dream of Jesus, the passion of His life. Shall we allow it to remain as the football of selfish politicians? Shall we drift along, lulled to indifference by the politician's voice, until we waken—too late, alas!—with the ghastly horror upon us? It will then be impossible to check the storm. All we can do will be to serve coffee and doughnuts and chewing gum and perhaps cigarettes to our boys as they march to the shambles. Is the Church not big enough for something more than this? Says Sir Robertson Nicol: "If the Churches of Christ throughout Europe and America allow this to happen they had better close their doors. For the next war, if ever it comes, will be a war on civilization itself." The recent Prime Minister of England, addressing

the Nonconformist clergy last fall, cried passionately, "I speak as one who has had something to do with war, and who has had to make a close study of it—and a close study of peace. During the war the cry was, 'Never again!' Watch! There is a growing assumption that the conflict is coming again, sooner or later. That is the business of the Churches." After the Washington Arms Conference the Japanese Premier said to Mr. John R. Mott, "We must now look to the leaders of religion."

Leaders of Religion! Eyes front! Look you to our great Leader. Did Christ's cradle song ring out over Bethlehem in vain? The Son of God goes forth to peace!....Who follows in His train?

XII

THE UPWARD CALLING

TEXT: Friend, go up higher.—*Luke* 14:10.

These words of Jesus are quite obviously spoken in lighter vein. They are shrewd satire on the society of His time, and for the matter of that, of our time. There is a sardonic undertone in them. He noted the same human nature that today causes the rush for the best seats. He marked how they "chose out the chief seats," with a humorous twist, I think, which must have neutralized an impulse to acid sarcasm. Even so, one cannot fail to note the satire. "Sit not down in the chief seat, lest haply a more honorable man than thou be bidden of him." "Lest haply!" Just a bare possibility that someone might be found of more importance than oneself! A remote possibility, of course, and yet it is always there. "Then shalt thou have glory in the presence of all that sit at meat with thee." For a man who held all social ranks and honors and eminences in utter contempt, this could be nothing else than good-natured raillery. One recalls Thackeray poking fun at the foibles of Major Pendennis, and yet doing it good-naturedly because he loved him. Yes, these words might have a place as a lesson in humility to the little children in the beginners' department.

Yet there is no finer illustration in the New Testament of the way in which the words of Jesus have such utter simplicity of application along with such profundity of implication. If He speaks in lighter vein, the vein runs

deep. Here as always in the Master's wonderful conversations the smallest and most inconsequential sayings are linked up with the most transcendent thinking. His words are always living words, with the universality of life itself. They play about us in lightness and airy grace as the fountain shimmers in the sunlight, but ever back of them is the cool illimitable depth of the mountain lake from which the fountain takes its source. When you come to drink of these waters, there is always more than spray. There are shallows for the little child, but depths for the savant. Carlyle tells us of Thor who on one of his journeys was offered a drinking horn. In vain did the mighty god strive to drain it dry. By and by he found that he had attempted to drink up the ocean. So the very table toasts of Jesus are drunk from goblets that have the capacity of the illimitable sea.

Take, if you will, the implication of these words, "Friend, go up higher." What is it? A little social promotion? A company phrase for a banqueting party? A playful observation in the homes of the old-rich and the new-rich and the would-be-rich?

Yes, perhaps all this, but infinitely more. For they carry us back to a fundamental law of life. From the day that the morning stars sang together until the cosmic twilight when the utmost stars grow dim, this divine voice will echo to the farthest reaches of the universe: "Friend, go up higher." Paul in more solemn phrase expresses the same great principle. "I press on," he says, "toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." That is the great goal toward which the whole created world has striven from the beginning. The upward calling of God! What a phrase!

That was the voice that breathed over the primeval star-mist when the worlds first began to swing out in their ordered orbits at His command and will.

> "Before God smote the dark in twain,
> Ere yet the stars saw one another plain."

Up from chaos and old night to order and the reign of law — "Up higher," He spoke, and it was so. That whispered but irresistible fiat came to the simple cell-forms, and the steady upward climb of life began; that colossal epic played out through inconceivable ranges of time. "Go up higher" — and the divine urge thrilling under the soil drives through winter's frozen desolation the violet, the primrose and the anemone of the coming spring. Obedient to His command they push their tiny heads out into the upper air with resistless momentum. He speaks, and millions upon millions of tiny grass blades stab their way into the sunlight from every meadow, and the stately palm and cedar and pine and oak thrust their majestic tops toward heaven as though in answer to that divine summons from above. You remember how the lamented Joyce Kilmer sang:

> "Poems are made by fools like me;
> But only God can make a tree."

Those stately trees upon our campus are the answer to God's word, "Go up higher"; the majestic manifestation of that mysterious life force, so quiet and yet so tremendous, and the upward urge, thrilling through all its million million cells, persists into the beauty of blossom and the glory of fruitage. Professor Coulter has said that, while the highlands may present the prostrate types of foliage-bearing stems, when plant life springs out of

the lowlands it erects foliage-bearing stems constantly more numerous and more lofty, as though there were in the very soul of the tree an insatiable appetite for the upper air and for the sunlight. That is the echo of God's voice, "Go up higher."

> "Every clod feels a stir of might,
> An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
> And, groping blindly above it for light,
> Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

And then the voice came with fresh summons to more glorious conquests. Leibnitz, the great philosopher, pictured the world, even the inorganic world, and most especially the world of organic matter, as though in it were spirit struggling upward out of dreamless sleep into a dream sleep, and then out of dream sleep in a great awakening. So we see life climb its way from organic to sentient, from sentience to intelligence, and at last, by a dizzy leap, to self-consciousness, to the crowning creation of the whole universe, to personality aware of itself. Up toward that goal through Neanderthal type and Rhodesian type and Cromagnan and Paleolithic and Neolithic. Here at last is man, the crown and summit of creative activity; man, whom the Greek called *"ho anthropos"* the "upward-looking one"; man, born with a noble discontent; man, the one animal that gazes toward the stars; man, who, as Plato said, was able to "contemplate God." Though his first moral decisions involved an atavism or fall, yet even fallen man was not content to stay in the mud. Professor Paton calls our attention to the fact that "The Paleolithic cave-dwellers of the Quaternary period in Belgium and France were contemporary with the mammoth, the cave-

lion and the cave-bear. Their skulls show that they were nearer the apes than any existing race of man. They were dressed in skins and armed only with the rudest undressed stone implements; yet they placed with their dead ornaments, tools, arms and food for use in the other life, and celebrated funeral feasts in their honor." The same was true of the cave dwellers in the Neolithic age. In his very lowest and crudest and most barbarous forms, man thrilling with the love of immortality, with the longing for a better world than this, building more stately mansions for his soul as the seasons roll by! Mr. Emerson speaks of two men who spent twenty-five years in seeking proofs of personal immortality. And he adds that the greatest proof of immortality is in the impetus that sustained such an endeavor. That impetus has been in the breast of humanity from the very beginning.

And then what dizzy Alpine slopes greet our eyes as we view that steady climb through history! Out of low mists into the mountain air! Out of slavery and polygamy and protean forms of bestiality in bodily indulgence. At length, and please God soon, out of war! Ah, how hard a climb it is! With what infinite pangs and agony of struggle do we learn to

> "Arise and fly
> The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
> Move upward, working out the beast
> And let the ape and tiger die."

At last the high peaks begin to emerge here and there. The vision of Plato, the mind of Aristotle, the brain of Shakespeare, the organ soul of Milton, the great heart of Lincoln, up and up still, to where we catch a gleam of the white-clad summit incalculably, immeasurably above the

rest—the height on which Christ stands! Not there yet, but toiling on; and when the years pass and age comes to the individual, and the earthly home of this tabernacle is dissolved, still the human spirit, on the mountain peaks of time, the heir of all the ages, defiant of death's veto, gazes unafraid up to vaster heights and hears, not the funeral bell tolling extinction, but one clear eternal call, "Friend, go up higher."

Now the thing we call ambition is only one phase of this universal upward urge, and is so far forth a divine thing—often distorted and misused, often made the cloak of selfishness and cruelty and tyranny—still it is a God-like thing. The more precious the coin, the more probable the counterfeit. Improper ambition is the sin by which the angels fell, because proper ambition is the motive by which angels rise. When unselfishly interpreted and applied in the spirit of Christ and Paul, it is but the inevitable movement of God's life within us. The man or woman who has no ambition for something higher than the present status has little advantage over the beast of the field. Without such ambition you have a dead, groveling soul which could take as its own the words of Hamlet, "Oh, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space." The desire to make the most of oneself for God and humanity is one of the holiest impulses which can come into an immortal soul. That old sickly hymn, "Oh, to be nothing, nothing, Only to lie at His feet," is not a Christian hymn; that is a Buddhist hymn in praise of Nirvana.

The question which now confronts us is one of means and methods. How, pray, shall we go up higher? Whence the motive power, and how applied?

Here once more we cannot fail to note the uncanny accuracy of Christ's observation. Two methods are contrasted in the cases of two men. The method of the one man was this, "Sit in the highest seat till called down." The method of the other was this, "Sit in the lowest seat till called up." The one man said, "If you want a high place, take it." The other said, "If you want a high place, deserve it."

It is after all the moral situation of the temptation scene in the Garden. Satan said, "If you want to be as gods, reach out and seize the prize." God had said, "If you want to be as gods, deserve and obey, and earn the promotion through character." That is the alternative here. The one man looked to the environment and the other to the inner life; the one to getting a place and the other to getting the ability to fill the place.

Now there was a time when biology rang the changes on environment, sometimes almost exclusively. But since learning that acquired characteristics are not transmitted, the stress upon environment has become less and less. Says a recent writer on anthropology: "That physical environment is not to be disregarded in any historic study of a civilization is obvious enough, but no physical environment can in itself be held responsible for producing a definite type of civilization, nor can any environment, barring extremes, prevent a civilization from developing." And the writer goes on to find the secret of changes not so much in the outward location but in the inward life of the individual. Well, what is biologically true of the race is practically true of each one of us. It is not the place we get but the spirit that is within us which will determine our

upward progress. It is not pull from without, but push from within. Oh, I grant you pull often gets a good deal, but it seldom keeps much. It may secure a man a fine position, but unless he has the ability to hold it, by and by he will find his own level. And I suggest the question for life choices is this: "Shall I build up by pulls from without, as a monument is built up by the raising of blocks of dead stone and fitting them into place? Or shall I build my life as a tree grows, by an inner principle that thrusts itself upward toward God's sunlight and the fixed stars?" The noblest thing I ever heard about Abraham Lincoln was a phrase, I think of Mr. John Hay, when he said that Lincoln "simply permitted himself to grow."

I recall how a few years ago the Association of College Registrars declared that out of eight hundred college graduates fifty-three had a chance to gain a place among noted Americans, let us say those whose names are in Who's Who. I am quite confident that if you were to follow up this fifty-three you would find them to be men and women who relied for success not upon pull and the accidents of place or family or environment, but rather upon personality and merit and the growing ability to meet the demands of life. It is said that when Elihu Root went down to New York to make his way as an unknown young lawyer, influential friends offered him letters which would give him entree with powerful New York connections. But Root said, "No, I don't want them. I am going down to New York to find out whether I am a man or a mouse." To most of us this is a counsel of perfection, perhaps unnecessary, certainly unattainable in most cases. If any young man here ever goes down to New

York and can take letters with him, I would advise him to do so, if he does not depend on them. But the sturdy independence of Mr. Root must limit his use of them.

I wish that everyone here might read that whimsical but brilliant address delivered at old St. Andrews last May by Sir J. M. Barrie. He calls it "Courage." With humble self-depreciation he admits that it may not be dry enough for a college address. He quotes old Izaak Walton in the saying "That doubtless the Almighty could have created a finer fruit than the strawberry, but that doubtless, also, He never did." And Barrie continues: "Doubtless also He could have provided us with better fun than hard work, but I don't know what it is. To be born poor is probably the next best thing. The greatest glory that has ever come to me was to be swallowed up in London, not knowing a soul, with no means of subsistence, and the fun of working till the stars went out. To have known anyone would have spoilt it. I did not even quite know the language. I rang for my boots and they thought I said 'a glass of water,' so I drank the water and worked on. There was no food in the cupboard, so I did not need to waste time in eating....Oh, to be a free lance of journalism again, that darling jade. Those were the days. Too good to last." Few of us are J. M. Barries, and the one-talent man may shrink a little from the fight which the ten-talent man faces with sheer joy. But from the life of any man or woman something has been left out, if he or she does not thrill to the ecstasy of facing a hard test and winning without pulls or influence, winning out on the basis of sheer inner ability to meet and conquer the most disheartening obstacles.

You will remember that in 1900 the bosses of the "Old

Guard," Senator Platt and Senator Penrose, wanted to retire Mr. Roosevelt from public life, so they shelved him in the vice presidency. Roosevelt protested with vigorous and picturesque English against thus committing political hari-kiri. Overborne by pressure from all sides, vowing he would ne'er consent, he did consent, and landed in retirement as the presiding officer of that group of genial elderly gentlemen who study the art of obstruction at the north end of the Capitol. Then came the assassination of McKinley, and Roosevelt became by accident the President of the United States, while his enemies ground their teeth in vain. But in 1904 Roosevelt ran for the presidency on the basis of a square nomination for that high office. On the night of the fateful second Tuesday in November 1904, the returns came rolling in to the White House, and within a short time it was apparent that Mr. Roosevelt had been triumphantly elected. When convinced of this fact he strode across the room, greeted his wife, and said, "Well, my dear, we are no longer an accident."

There is something about that instinct of Roosevelt which should appeal to every normal man and woman. We seek advancement, and we seek it rightly. But when it comes, you will be at peace with yourself, and strong for your task, only if you feel that it has come, not by the accident of place, but by the attainment of your own unaided personality.

Did I say unaided? Well, let me revise that. Unaided so far as the externals of pull and place and influence are concerned. Unaided in the sheer reliance on your own inner merit. But when you raise the question as to how this inner merit is to be acquired, then not unaided. We

shall get promotion as we make the most of ourselves, according to Matthew Arnold. But, reasons Principal Shairp, we cannot make the most of ourselves without a motive outside of ourselves. The plant or the tree grows upward because it has drawn its resources from above, and so must we.

Here again observe the amazing fitness of the words of Jesus. What was the basis of this second man's promotion? He took the lowest seat. How did he get up in the world? I can put the answer in a single sentence. *His fitness for promotion arose through his friendly relations with the personality in the highest seat.* He merited a higher place through his friendship with the host.

Our fitness to rise in the world will be cultivated as we develop friendly relations with the higher things in life. One grows into breadth and grasp and fineness by keeping the upper windows of the soul open. Why, I would want an eternal lifetime to get all that music has to give me of upward impulse. Another for the great poets. Another for the great artists. Another for the tremendous sweep and range of history. Another for the study of the heights and depths and possibilities of the human soul. Another for the range of vast and complex social problems. Many of us are unfitted for high place because we have developed no affinity for high things. Dr. Watkinson used to tell of a gentleman who captured an eagle and kept it tethered in his backyard, eating its meals out of a pie plate. No more pitiful, that, than souls created for eagle flights, and tethered down to the routine of sordid commonplace in thinking, and of superficial jazz in recreation. Harry Emerson Fosdick, in a recent article, tells of a remark made about a certain man by an enthusiastic

youth, to the effect that this extraordinary individual kept in mind every card played in a game of bridge. An observant young lady replied with a touch of scorn, "Has it occurred to you that he is forty-five years old, and that that is all he knows?" Oh, the eagle, taking his meals in a backyard out of a pie plate!

Friendship with the highest things? Yes, more than that. Friendship with the highest person! Thus did this man get his promotion. Friend to the great host, he was fitted for the fellowship of the upper circle. Friend to the great Host, "Christ in you the hope of glory," then the upper circle becomes our native air. This it is that makes men great. I stood not long ago in Westminster Abbey, and bared my head at the grave of David Livingstone. The poor humble son of a Scotch weaver, he lies there among great kings and poets and nobles, the peer of them all. And I remembered those lines of Mr. Punch:

"Open the Abbey doors, and bear him in
To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage,
The Missionary come of weaver-kin,
But great by work that brooks no lower wage.

He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known;
He lived and died for good—be this his fame:
Let marble crumble: this is Living-stone."

What was it that lifted the humble weaver's boy to that proud eminence? What fitted him to hear the divine voice saying, "Friend, come up higher"? It was because he had made the great Host his friend, because to Jesus he had consecrated every power and passion of his life. This had given to the man that breadth which has made him today

the symbol of a continent's redemption, and the hero of the world. Men will never forget how, in devotion to his great Friend, Livingstone toiled on, wracked by pain, weakened by disease, under pitiless, pelting rain soaking his baggage and himself, struggling through swamps, attacked by fevers; yet big enough to write, only a month before the end, "Nothing, nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward." What was it made him great? Listen to the prayer set down for his last earthly birthday: "My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All; I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, Oh gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen, so let it be."

It was thus that God's voice came to him at the last, "David Livingstone, friend of God, go up higher." "And so he passed over the river, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

XIII

THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE

TEXT: Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he came forth from God, and goeth unto God, riseth from supper, and layeth aside his garments; and he took a towel, and girded himself.

—*John* 13:3, 4

There is a delicate human instinct which always shrinks from the portrayal of Christ upon the stage. Yet if any such attempt has justified itself, outside the sober and reverent atmosphere of Oberammergau, it is that of Mr. Walter Hampden as the Master in Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House." At the final verge of daring it is saved from irreverence only by the delicacy of a sincere art. But the tang and grip of it—the staggering paradox—is in the fine dignity and pensive beauty of the Servant over against the repulsive trade of the Curate's brother. *Christ touching hands with a cleaner of sewers!* Here is the dramatic contrast, partly shocking, wholly fascinating, linking transcendent glory with the most utter abasement.

Less vivid and violent, perhaps even more beautiful, are twin pictures drawn by two consummate spiritual teachers of the last century, Tennyson and Browning. The first reveals Gareth in the kitchen. That fine flower of Arthur's young chivalry gave himself to the most repulsive tasks, moiling through dirt and grease and grime

and smoke, for love and honor's sake. Enduring jibes, insults, taunts and rough usage, the boy had vowed to toil for a year and a day that he might keep faith with his love and the chivalrous aspirations of his life. Here Tennyson reveals a divine splendor glowing in a kitchen as it never shone across the jousting fields of glory in Camelot.

> "And Gareth bow'd himself
> With all obedience to the King, and wrought
> All kind of service with a noble ease
> That graced the lowliest act in doing it."

In the other scene, portrayed by Mr. Browning, we catch the echo of the perfect praise, the consummate Te Deum that rolled up to God from a shoemaker's bench.

> "Morning, evening, noon and night,
> 'Praise God!' sang Theocrite."

And when the humble boy had been lifted from the shoemaker's bench to the papal chair, the Almighty Father found the Pope's prayers and praises no substitute for the song of the humble workman. He missed the "little human praise." And finally He promoted—yes, that is the word —promoted Theocrite from the papal chair to the worker's bench again, that the fullness of His glory might be realized in the lowliest setting.

These contrasts, however, are bare and insipid when compared to the vivid colors in which John draws his picture. "Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he came forth from God, and goeth unto God, riseth from supper, and layeth aside his garments; and he took a towel, and girded himself." Could anything more staggering be imagined? In the

full consciousness of His majesty as very God of very God, in the climax of clear intuition concerning His own transcendence, and in the climax, too, of His ineffable passion, He deliberately dons the habiliments and performs the office of a common slave! He does it with purpose and method. There is nothing incidental or accidental about this passage. It is as one who fulfills a formal and pre-arranged program. And in the clear recollection of His best-beloved and longest-lived disciple, who looks back from the heights of old age, this incident is singled out as a symbol of time-long significance. Its vivid colors lift their signal from this spiritual Mount Everest of all the ages. Here the extremes meet. My old mathematics teacher used to say that he could work his way to infinity by the back side of zero. In this scene one works his way to undreamed heights of exaltation through unscaled abysses of humiliation. Here glory and shame interpenetrate. Nor is the resultant of this paradox any mere neutralizing of the one by the other. On the contrary, the glory is dazzling, the shame ineffable. And we shall never read these words aright until we come to see in them the climax moment of Christ's divine consciousness as John viewed it. Here, girt with a towel instead of a tiara, Jesus reveals the brightness of His Father's glory. Consider John's background of stern monotheism and reflect by what a tremendous leap his thought passed from Jesus the Man to Jesus the God. Ponder the social environment of his times, and try to imagine what it must have meant that his thought passed from Jesus the God to Jesus the Servant—aye, if you please, to Jesus the Slave.

There are those, as we know, who seek high place through a lurking sense of their own unworthiness. Small

people dare not let themselves be seen doing small things. Back of much pomp and circumstance in many lives is what the psychologists call the "inferiority complex." One must "keep up a front" to cover the pitiful inadequacy of that which lies behind. I have been told of one of our great university presidents, who used to entertain a constant stream of guests. Among these were many Englishmen who by immemorial custom left their shoes outside the door at night, to be cleaned. But the servants all scorned so menial a task. And it is said that the president's wife, a gifted and cultured woman, was accustomed to gather up her guests' shoes in the wee small hours and polish them with her own hands. The servants were too small to dare a humble thing. The mistress was too great to be humbled by it.

Then there are those who sometimes seek humble tasks with a kind of morbid affectation. There is a humility which amounts only to inverted egotism. You will meet men who stoop to humble tasks with a certain ostentation. The Pope himself used to wash the feet of a few selected beggars once a year, and he did it with regal pride. The obtrusive and effusive humility of Uriah Heep has its counterpart outside the pages of fiction. Men have told me how unimportant they were, at such great length and with such extreme volubility, that I could not but conclude that they protested too much. Unimportance is more economical of time and energy in telling about itself!

In contrast to these extremes behold the beautiful poise of Jesus—the easy nonchalance with which He received regal honors. Not even the Caesars dared to claim the divine worship which he accepted unperturbed. He never went out of His way to receive such worship; but He never

went out of His way, either, to escape it. And in His moments of humility there is not a trace of affectation or morbidness. He neither shrank from it nor seemed to stoop while He was performing it. Ostentatious humility was as foreign to Him as ostentatious pride.

We shall explain this utter indifference to human ranks and dignities only as we discover some great motive which thrilled through His whole being and obliterated the differences of place and function which loom so largely in the consciousness of ordinary men. You may take two unequal numbers and if you multiply both by infinity you have brought them to equality. If you view from the range of the farthest fixed star the distance that separates New York and Chicago, it is extinguished in the sweep of those incalculable distances. And John has given us the common denominator, the great leveling motive, whose tremendous sweep and range obliterates all our petty distinctions of place and rank. "Having loved his own he loved them to the end." Here is the common denominator. Here is the sweep and range of a great passion which for Him made all the difference between great and small, high and low, seem inconsequential. He loved all men everywhere, and He loved them unto the uttermost. There was no limit to it. His consuming passion for humanity leaped all chasms, and not only leaped but obliterated them.

Let us now study the impact of this scene upon the practical questions of our own day. It is a truism to say that our supreme problem is that of inequality. It is the old unrest and misunderstanding between the king and the servant, the ruler and the slave. It is the misunderstanding of the poor by the rich and of the rich by the poor. It is the strain and tug between high and low, the learned

and the unlearned, the strong and the weak. In Shakespeare's "Pericles" the fishermen are talking, and one says to another, "Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea." And the other replies, "Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones." That is the tragedy of modern life. Bring an end to that tragedy and you usher in the millennium!

But how shall this be done? What binding, leveling principle will ever solve the problem of human inequality? I join with those who contend that the modern world does not have the equality of opportunity which it must some day attain if there is to be any future to civilization. There can be no question but that the great industrial game has often been played with loaded dice. But when this has been admitted, no thoughtful man can ever see a permanent panacea through any attempted equality in the disposition of property or any artificial expedients looking toward the bringing of all men to a dead level of equal possessions. Differences of inborn capacity will wreck any such artificial scheme within a decade.

No, human inequality must be countered by a leveling principle which comes not from without but from within. And Jesus has given us the key to it. For He revealed himself as the Great Lover. He taught us real passion for humanity. He put into us a new spirit of unselfish sympathy which enables one to look at his fellow men with fresh vision. Moreover, He showed us how the meanest and foulest of mankind were infinitely worth while when viewed over against the background of a divine Saviour who died that they might live. He taught us that love was thus the new commandment: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, even as I have

loved you." And the same disciple who records this scene said, "We know that we have passed from death into life, because we love the brethren."

Observe, if you will, how this leveling principle, working from within, operates in human society. Recall those splendid words of the Magnificat, "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and hath exalted them of low degree." Now men who would bring about human equality by force have always conceived this passage in the sense of violence. The great and the powerful are to be forcibly dragged down from their high places. The poor and the humble are forcibly to thrust themselves up to high place. This is the magnificat of the French Revolution. This is the magnificat of many who would adjust the undoubted wrongs of labor by the violent dethroning of those in power and the equally violent enthroning of the proletariat. I remember how in a certain city a threatening mob of workmen cried out to a company of employers riding in an automobile, "We will drag you from that machine and ride in it ourselves." But what social progress, what hope of ultimate solution, can ever be achieved by changing the riders in the automobile? Russia did that, and the little finger of Lenine is thicker than the loins of Nicholas. Where the old czars chastised with whips, the bolshevik tyrants chastise with scorpions.

But there is a better magnificat. It seeks to bring down the mighty from their seats, not by violent compulsion from without, but by an irresistible impulsion from within. When the love of Christ constrains a man, even though he were a king he will be inevitably impelled to step down that he may clasp hands with the humblest of his subjects. What is even more, he will not know that he is

stepping down. And when the love of Christ constrains the peasant, it brings into his life a new dignity that uplifts and glorifies. Then men can "talk with crowds and keep their virtue, or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch." Then without strain or agitation or irritation, without even the consciousness of anything unnatural or abnormal, love brings down the mighty from their seats and exalts them of low degree.

There is a very noble book written by the late Professor Royce of Harvard University, in which he deals with the fundamentals of life and religion. And this renowned scholar quotes from the master philosophers. He deals with Plato and Aristotle and Hegel and Kant; with the names of the great thinkers who have won renown through all the centuries. But when Royce undertakes to give us the essence of the Christian religion, he takes us down into the humblest walks of life. He tells of Ida Lewis, keeper of a lighthouse in Narragansett Bay for fifty years, who saved eighteen lives, again and again risking her own. And the Harvard philosopher immortalizes the name of Ida Lewis, writes it there along with Plato and Aristotle and all the rest. She had probably never heard of these philosophers. Yet her sacrificial living had furnished the finest possible illustration of Kant's maxim, "So act as never to have reason to regret the principle of your action." And then the philosopher tells about Daniel Williams, the lighthouse keeper at Little Traverse Bay on Lake Michigan, who went out in a bitter storm and lost his own life to save the lives of his fellow men. And along with him his faithful wife, who, for three days and nights during the storm, kept her lights burning, still remembering, even in bitter grief, the spirit

of Him of whom it was said, "He saved others, himself he cannot save." And to Professor Royce this is religion; this is the fundamental expression of life at its highest; this is the spirit of Jesus. Oh yes, Plato and Aristotle and Hegel and Kant! But along with them Ida Lewis and Daniel Williams and Mrs. Daniel Williams! "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree." Love, the supreme leveler, impels the greatest and the humblest to clasp hands across the centuries.

I stood not long ago in a little way station of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Whiling away the dull moments of waiting, I saw on the somewhat dingy wall a little poster, an official bulletin of the Pennsylvania Railroad to its employees. And my heart leaped as the heart of the weary searcher must leap when he comes at last upon the vein of gold. For I saw there the revelation of that glory in our common humanity which impelled the apostle to say, "Honor all men." Alonzo Dawson had been for twenty-five years a section hand and track walker. Five years ago he was so injured by an accident that the Company had placed him as a watchman at the Steubenville Street crossing in the little city of Cambridge, Ohio. The fast train is approaching, and Dawson takes his usual place with the "STOP" signal in his hand. Unnoticed by him a little group of school children has drawn near, and he turns to see a four-year-old girl standing helplessly on the track as the engine thunders on. There was no time to pull her back. Only one thing to do, and Dawson did it. With a flying leap this old man seized the little baby and hurled himself over the track in front of the engine. Spectators said that he missed being ground to death by

the narrow space of a few inches. He did not know this little girl at all. But gladly, at a moment's call, this crippled old man had risked his life to save the child of a stranger; and at the end of a very brief statement summarizing these facts were the following words: "We are proud to share with Alonzo Dawson in maintaining the high traditions of the Pennsylvania Railroad." It was signed, "Samuel Rea, President." Yes, He has brought down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. Alonzo Dawson, track walker—Samuel Rea, President—they clasp hands across the chasm. Love, the great leveler, uplifted the humble man to the dignity of a hero, and love leaped from the heart of his chief in glad recognition. I wonder if Samuel Rea and Alonzo Dawson could not sit together at a table and iron out the differences between the employer and the employed!

So do life's extremes meet on the great plains of love and sacrifice and service. "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." There was a very curious theory of Nietzsche that the doctrine of Christian meekness was only an alibi for human weakness. He declared that Christ's doctrine of sacrificial love was only in effect weakness whistling to keep up its courage. Men who could do nothing but submit had excused themselves by making a virtue of submission. This sacrificial doctrine was sometimes accepted by the weak as an alibi, and was sometimes imposed upon them by the strong in order to keep them contented. This was the view of Nietzsche, and from one angle it is a very plausible theory. There is historically, however, one supreme difficulty with the theory, in that the facts are all against it. There was a

time in human thinking when, if the facts were against the theory, we threw away the facts. But we have at last, thank God, arrived at that time when, if the facts are against it, we throw away the theory. And the fact is that the great doctrine of the loving Servant in the House, the glory of sacrifice, was developed and enunciated by the strongest man who ever walked this earth, and that it has been embodied ever since in the lives of those who are physical and mental and spiritual giants. It is not the alibi of weakness. It is not inferiority whistling to keep its courage up. It is rather that deliberate program which divine strength has set for itself in this world of need and sin and sorrow. It rests back upon the philosophy that self-limitations are not signs of weakness, but of strength. And it finds the supreme blessing, the ultimate glory of life, in the spirit of the strongest who "dares to be strong for the rest."

Here is the solvent of what might be called our perpendicular differences as well as our horizontal ones. As it levels our castes which divide between the high and the low, it also merges our bitter antagonisms between left wing and right wing. God forbid that I should join the common rout in the vulgar outcry against all creeds. For I see in every great creed the crystallized expression of a great love. The men, for instance, who wrote the Nicene Creed had a supreme experience of Jesus, and out of a passion of love and loyalty to Him they sought through carefully chosen words to crystallize the essence of that experience. They failed to do it perfectly, of course, and their attempt has often been misused and abused. But that beautiful form of sound words comes to me as an old kodak picture which recalls through the long years the

"touch of a vanish'd hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." So the Creed calls up the passion and wonder and tenderness of men not far removed from the actual eye-witnesses of Jesus. The symbol is a glorious thing if it helps us back to the state of mind, to the ineffable experience in the hearts of the men from which it came. It is a splendid reminder and stimulant of the love of Christ in a bygone time.

But a creed without the setting of love is a monstrous thing. Blind, hard, dogmatic adherence to a form of words may degenerate into a pitifully Christless defense of technicalities about Christ. There is only one fundamental orthodoxy. "If any man loveth not the Lord, let him be anathema." There, gentlemen of liberal and conservative camps alike, is your only criterion. It is not so much a question of old or new as it is a question of cold or warm. It is not the area and content of one's intellectual holdings. It is the voltage with which the hot heart leaps out to cry even with doubting Thomas, "My Lord and my God." It is said that Jonathan Edwards used to describe his son-in-law as a sinner, but "a very sweet sinner." Between a sour saint and a sweet sinner most of us would spend little time in the choosing. It is related that on the occasion, many years ago, of a certain noted heresy prosecution, a man of poetic temperament and little taste for precise intellectual distinctions, but of large capacity to love, was on trial before his presbytery. The prosecutor warned the court against being led astray by the sweet and beautiful Christian personality of the defendant. Can you imagine a more monstrous thing? Try a man's Christian character after warning the court against being misled by his Christian

virtues! Would God that left wing and right wing alike might learn to pray together and argue apart! The nation stands hungry and waiting for a great revival of religion. That revival might come if forces in both camps, now vociferously and intolerantly girding against the intolerance of the other camp, would join together from the same platform of practical service in making joint appeal to sinful humanity in the name of Christ.

> "They drew a circle and shut me out
> Heretic rebel, a thing to flout;
> But Love and I had the wit to win,
> For we drew a circle that took them in."

And that is the highest orthodoxy.

There remains another angle of this passage which must not be neglected. Jesus gives us the only setting in which love can work. This stupendous act of humiliation and glory alike is an act of *cleansing*. The mere repetition of foot-washing is not the injunction of this scene. But its true intent is in order that we may understand how love itself is helpless unless it has a cleansed field in which to work, and cleansed tools by which to work. I think the Kingdom of God would have come finally and triumphantly then and there except for one clause in this passage, "Ye are clean, but not all." That was the fatal barrier which thwarted the longings of Christ for two thousand years. They were not all clean. By and by Judas steals out into the night, and Satan's great program of opposition was initiated.

As the doctor must have an aseptic surgical field for his operation, so when love goes out to reconstruct the world today we must work with cleansed tools and methods. Jesus taught these disciples to love their fellow men and

then He said, "First of all you must be clean, and then you can go out to serve." It could be said of any community that the Kingdom of God might be reproduced in a week if it were not for this one fatal phrase, "Ye are clean, but not all." It is the element of uncleanness in the church that checks the impetus of service, that weakens every effort to build up a social order of those who love God and who love each other. For all of us asepsis precedes service. First the washing, and then the work. I have met men and women with a great desire to do something for humanity, yet utterly unwilling to pay the cost of that service in a first great fundamental act of putting the life right with God. Before you can do anything for Him or for men you must first receive the forgiving love for your own life. There is a very exquisite picture drawn by Mr. Browning, a picture which in lovely simile reveals to me the splendor of that great moment when the human will first bends to God:

"Such a starved bank of moss
Till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across:
Violets were born.

Sky—what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud:
Splendid, a star!

World—how it walled about
Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out:
That was thy face."

As the violets peep out in flash of beauty on the weather-beaten banks of moss in the springtime, as the star peeps

out beyond the scowling bank of clouds in the night, so is that great day in the life of a man when God's smiling face first glows upon him in the face of Jesus Christ. When that day breaks and the shadows flee away, you will thereafter make drudgery divine. Nothing henceforth will be common or unclean. Though it be only the coarse towel of homely service you will in truth be girt with glory. For through the daily dull routine there will be now and again a glimpse of that wonderful face so humble and yet so majestic—the face of the Master on the Throne who became the Servant in the House.

XIV

THE TRAJECTORY OF EVIL

TEXT: Then the lust, when it hath conceived, beareth sin: and the sin, when it is fullgrown, bringeth forth death.
—*James* 1:15

The nineteenth century gave to the world no truer interpreter of human life than Marian Evans, whose pen name was George Eliot. Born at Arbury Farm in Warwickshire in the year 1819, her mother's death brought to her at seventeen heavy responsibilities as caretaker of the household and comforter of a lonely father's sorrow. She was intensely bookish, intensely serious, and I fancy was never a real little girl. Trained in a rigid and hard religious atmosphere, before she was out of her teens she had become so morbid a zealot that she had even put away pretty dresses because she counted them inconsistent with her religion. And this for a girl in her teens will be accounted the last word in self-denial.

At the age of twenty-four, moving with her father to Coventry, she fell in with a group of so called "free-thinkers." These were men and women of liberal views, of literary culture and of some knowledge in the field of philosophy. Under their influence she came shortly to a complete change of religious opinion. She broke with orthodox religion, well-nigh breaking with her father, a churchman of the old school.

In 1844 she undertook the translation of the Life of

Christ, by Strauss, from the German into English. She says of herself that she became "Strauss sick." This German rationalist, in his theory which reduced the story of Christ to a collection of myths, had taken away her Lord, and she knew not where He had been laid. She moved in that rare group of scientists and literary men, Herbert Spencer, Thomas H. Huxley, Thomas Carlyle, Harriet Martineau, and particularly the historian and philosopher, George Henry Lewes.

For the last name suggests what every one knows, that George Eliot not only broke with traditional orthodoxy but also with traditional morality. Lewes was ugly and brilliant,—as she herself called him, a "little edition of Mirabeau." He had been married to an unworthy woman who had left him. After awhile she came back and Lewes forgave her. Then she left him again, and under the somewhat curious and intricate forms of English law, one could not get a divorce if one's partner had come back and had once been forgiven. Legally, Lewes was tied for life to a faithless woman who had long since gone away from him. Actually, Lewes and Marian Evans were deeply in love with each other. What to do? They cut the Gordian knot by joining their lives together as husband and wife, without the sanction of either church or state. If ever the word "excusable" could be used for such a relation perhaps this was the time. There can be no question that these two were deeply in love and that they were true to each other. Nevertheless, if every man and every woman were to do the same thing, taking into their own hands the judgment of sufficient reasons, the whole foundation of society would be undermined. George Lewes and George Eliot owed it to society to show self-restraint and self-

denial because they were great intellects and, if for no other reason, on the principle of noblesse oblige.

Moreover, George Eliot was the last woman in the world who should have attempted to live in open defiance of conventional morals. She was so sensitive that an unfavorable review of her writings would send her to a sick bed for a week. And while with her head she might reject Christian standards, her heart never got away from Christian instincts. She died, it is said, with Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ" in her hands. She never abandoned the Bible, though she confessed that Mr. Lewes did not care much about it, but saw no harm in her reading it. She said: "I suppose no wisdom the world will ever find out will make Paul's words obsolete—'Now abide,' etc., 'but the greatest of these is Charity.'" She declares: "I have too profound a conviction of the efficacy that lies in all sincere faith, and the spiritual blight that comes with no faith, to have any negative propagandism in me. In fact, I have very little sympathy with freethinkers as a class, and have lost all interest in mere antagonism to religious doctrines. I care only to know, if possible, the lasting meaning that lies in all religious doctrine from the beginning till now."

I fear it must be said of her as has been said of Burns, that she was not so much helped by religion as haunted by it. No one can read between the lines of her tragic story without realizing that she suffered intensely, terribly, because of her twofold break with Christian codes of moral conduct. She never got away from her mistakes. Like evil chickens, they came home to roost. Our greatest works are born out of our bitter experiences. And it was because she knew how inevitably suffering follows hard

upon mistakes, how terribly true it is that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, that her greatest book, one of the greatest novels in all literature, should embody this supreme principle which she had learned in the bitterness of her own experience. This was her story of Florentine life which she named "Romola."

It might be an inspiration in this easy-going age to note how a really great artist wrote a book. She conceived the idea early in 1861. It was the middle of 1863 before it was finished. She read literally hundreds of books on Florentine life and characters. And let it be remarked that she refused an offer of ten thousand pounds from a publishing firm because it would involve hurrying the work too much and sacrificing her art for money.

Here is the bare outline of the story. Tito Melema, a beautiful young Greek, escaped from shipwreck, landed in Florence with a treasure of jewels, a lovely face, and melting gift of speech. He readily makes friends with Nello the barber, Domenico the goldsmith, Cennini the book printer. But on first glimpse Piero di Cosimo, the artist, cries, "Young man, I am painting a picture of a traitor, and I should be glad if you'd give me a sitting." Protests the barber, "Piero, thou art the most extraordinary compound of humors and fancies ever packed in a human skin. What trick wilt thou play with the fine visage of this young scholar to make it suit thy traitor?" "Ay, Nello," said the painter, "and if thy tongue can leave off its everlasting chirping long enough for thy understanding to consider the matter, thou mayst see that thou hast just shown the reason why his face will suit my traitor. A perfect traitor should have a face which vice can write no marks on—lips that will lie with a dimpled

smile—eyes of such agatelike brightness and depth that no infamy can dull them—cheeks that will rise from a murder and not look haggard." And the wary artist, stuffing his ears with cotton because he knew the barber, settled back in his chair for the trimming of his beard.

Now Tito, the beautiful, in passing through the market place had come upon a lovely little peasant girl named Tessa. Impelled by his two great appetites for food and flirtation, with fair face and ingratiating manners, he had stolen from her at once a breakfast and her heart. But soon forgetting both, he went out to make his way by his beauty and his wits in the city of Florence. Selling his jewels for a princely sum to the goldsmith, he secured an introduction to old Bardi, a scholar and an aristocrat, who in his blind old age was dependent upon his beautiful young daughter, Romola, who was eyes to him and hands, and a whole world of love besides. Tito became the trusted secretary of old Bardi, and as was inevitable, like the law of gravity or any other unfailing sequence, the two young folks fell madly in love.

But meantime Tito's conscience had not been easy. His mind goes back to his childhood days. He remembers how, as a little boy, a beggar, ragged, starved, dirty, he had been picked up by a fine old Neapolitan gentleman and scholar, Baldassarre Calvo. He recalled how this man had adopted him, how he had lavished upon him time and money and love and training. The old man, his foster father, had been in the shipwreck too. He might have been killed, but he might have been saved. Should not Tito take his money, which belonged to the foster father, and go back and hunt until he found him? He ought to, perhaps, but on the whole it would be vastly more pleasant

to stay where he was. There would be awkward explanations to be made, for he had told no one that these jewels were not his own. Tito quiets his conscience by asserting that his father is dead or that the search for him is hopeless. But one day he meets a friar on the street, who says, "Pardon me, but—from your face and your ring—is not your name Tito Melema?" "Yes." "Then I shall fulfill my commission." And in his hands he places a parchment containing this message: "I am sold for a slave. I think they are going to take me to Antioch. The gems alone will serve to ransom me."

Now the young man knew that his father doubtless lived, that he was a slave in a foreign land, and that Tito had it in his power to set him free. But the poison of covetousness, of pleasure-loving selfishness, had wrought its deadly work. Had he known this at the first, he might have done his duty. Now, with his heart set on Romola, on wealth and ease and fame, he reasons away all claims of duty. The only hindrance was the fear that the monk might reveal his secret. He goes to the monastery and inquires for this monk, and receives this answer: "Fra Luca? ah, he has gone to Fiesole—to the Dominican monastery there. He was taken on a litter in the cool of the morning. The poor brother is very ill. Could you leave a message for him?" "Thanks, my business can wait." Tito turned away with a sense of relief. "This friar is not likely to live," he said. "I saw he was worn to a shadow." And believing his secret safe he hardened his heart and played the game of selfishness to the end.

But now a new danger arose. This Fra Luca, this dying monk, was none other than the long lost son of old Bardi, and the brother of Romola. And when the girl,

against her father's wishes, goes to visit her dying brother, Tito thinks the game is up. He will tell his sister of Tito's treachery, and all hope of his marriage will be forever gone. In a mood of reckless despair Tito pushes his way through the vast crowds of the Florentine festal day. He meets little Tessa, renews with her his flirtation, hurries her through a mock marriage, which the poor innocent child thought to be genuine, charges her with terrible threats to keep the whole transaction secret; and then finds that all his anxiety has been useless, because the monk has died without revealing to his sister the treachery of her lover.

Now ensues a time of outward prosperity. Tito marries Romola. He lives a double life. Upon the hillside in a little cottage, under the charge of a deaf old woman, live little Tessa and her child. Tito waxes rich and powerful. He makes his way step by step up the political ladder. And all goes well until one day in the streets of Florence he comes face to face with an escaped prisoner, an old man, haggard, worn, starved. It was Baldassarre, his wronged father. There was still a chance for this man to do right. There was still a chance to own his father, to beg his forgiveness. "This is another escaped prisoner," said one. "Who is he, I wonder?" And with steady eyes Tito took the final plunge. *"Some madman, surely,"* he replied.

After that, fear walked arm in arm with sin. Tito bought a coat of mail to protect himself from the dreaded knife thrust in the dark. But no coat of mail could keep out the sickening horror that grew and grew in his inner life. He must get away from Florence, and to do so, without the knowledge of Romola, he sells all the splendid

literary treasures of his father-in-law, now dead—though his wife's solemn pledge to her father was never to part with them. The eyes of Romola from this time on were opened more and more to his treachery and crime. She comes at last to meet Baldassarre, the wronged father, and then to know of Tessa, the wronged girl. Farther and farther apart they drift, wider and wider the chasm between husband and wife, tighter and tighter the coils of danger around the evil man. In the troubled politics of the time he plays with both parties and betrays both. He joins in a plot to murder the great preacher Savonarola, and then when threatened with discovery saves himself by betrayal of his own comrades. There is not a crime in the catalogue to which he will not stoop. And all the while Baldassarre, weak and helpless, follows with one great implacable purpose to work vengeance. At last Tito makes every plan to leave Florence, which has grown too hot for him. Caught by a crazed and angry mob, he is borne across the Arno upon the Vecchian Bridge. In the very middle of the bridge he suddenly leaps into the dark waters below. It was his last chance of safety, and it looked like a good chance. Swimming far down the river, he landed, spent and exhausted, on the bank, to look—into the glaring eyes of Baldassarre.

Hours later, when witnesses at last came, they found Tito lying dead upon the bank, and beside him the dead body of a strange, wild old man. And the cold, stiffened fingers of the old man were still clutched around Tito's throat!

And this is the trajectory of evil. The word trajectory signifies the curve which any object describes in the air. The trajectory of a bullet is that curve which the bullet

will follow as a resultant of the force behind the bullet and the resistance of air and gravity. Modern gunnery practice is now a matter of pure mathematics. Given a certain force, you know what curve it will describe, how far it will go, and where it will end. If you do not hear a three-inch shell before it hits you, it has not traveled two thousand yards. If you hear it, it has traveled more than three thousand yards, for it does not begin to sing until the shell is traveling more slowly than sound. In a word, the trajectory of a missile is as definite and sure as the law of gravity.

Now George Eliot has done this thing in "Romola." She has described the curve of sin. She has given us the trajectory of evil. She has shown us how, from small beginnings, sin propagates itself and goes on and on, widening and deepening, cursing everything it touches, until not Tito alone, but all the rest—Baldassarre his father, and even the great priest Savonarola himself—are darkened with the shadow of that sin; and we come to see that it is in some sense a reflection of the crime of Tito when Savonarola, under the torture, gives up his faith and cries, "I will confess. I will confess." Romola, saved through love and suffering, takes poor little Tessa and her two children to her mother heart, and explains to Lillo, the boy: "There was a man to whom I was very near, who made almost every one fond of him, for he was young, and clever, and beautiful, and his manners to all were gentle and kind. I believe, when I first knew him, he never thought of anything cruel and base. But because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant, and cared for nothing else so much as his own safety, he came at last to commit some of the basest deeds—such as

make men infamous. He denied his father, and left him to misery; he betrayed every trust that was reposed in him, that he might keep himself safe and get rich and prosperous. Yet calamity overtook him." And this is an illustration in an extended way of the curve which James has drawn in a brief way. "Lust, when it hath conceived, beareth sin: and the sin, when it is fullgrown, bringeth forth death."

Beware of the beginnings of sin! Beware of the first compromise! Beware of the primal tendency to dally with moral principles, to take the lines of least resistance, to lower our standards for the sake of ease and popularity and luxury! At the beginning the curve looks small, but it grows inevitably toward the horrible result.

And this tragic plunge into the abyss is the only outlook for humanity in its own unaided powers. The circle that starts with sin ends in death as surely as the night follows the day. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

> "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
> Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all."

The wisest of the Greeks knew that—those mighty tragedies of theirs began with sin and culminated in death. It was all inevitable as pure mathematics. Shakespeare knew that. Richard and Brutus and the Macbeths and Hamlet's uncle and Iago stand as grim signposts pointing the easy descent into the abyss. Always even-handed justice commends the ingredients of the poisoned chalice to the sinner's own lips. The sadness of it is that the

Greek dropped the curtain with the death of the sinner—that was the final word in his tragedy. And Shakespeare, too, does that. In his somber tragedies you may hear that grim note of fate knocking at the door, the note which sounds through Beethoven's greatest symphony. Fate follows hard. Nemesis pursues. The circle coils around us and there is no eye to pity and no hand to save.

Turn from all these, I entreat you, to One wiser and more powerful than all the tragedians, ancient and modern. There is One who is supreme over this curve of sin and death which encoils these poor lives of ours. "It is he that sitteth above the circle of the earth." He alone can arrest the sickening downward sag and sweep with which evil plunges us to swift retribution.

He was a Hebrew as Tito was a Greek. Yet he was Greek, too, in His love of beauty. The old artists have doubtless erred in making Him feminine in comeliness. He was a carpenter, with gnarled hands and rugged face. Tito may have been more smooth and fair in outward seeming. But within this young man was a radiance that common folk and little children and helpless, sick, sorrowing people looked upon with awe. To them this young man was more fair than all the sons of men. Grace flowed from His lips. He too had to choose between the flowery path of pleasure and the hard, stony path of duty and sacrifice. As Tito, seeking to save his life, lost it, Jesus, losing His life, saved it. Tito knew the grim defeat of selfish hate; Jesus the supreme victory of self-sacrificing love.

Modern medical practice has been revolutionized by the principle of antitoxin. What is that principle? In a word, it is the *transfer of victory over disease from one*

organism to another. It means that a body facing defeat and death may be saved by the victorious forces of another body which has triumphed over defeat and death. And we are saved by the life of Christ who won the victory against the forces of sin and death which drove Tito to defeat.

He frees us from this awful gravitation of guilt because He Himself has known its grip, has felt its agony and triumphed by suffering its utmost power. On the Cross He swung far out on the curve of that fearful experience, and tasted death for every man. He who knew no sin was made sin for us, that we might be the righteousness of God in Him. And so it came to pass that He can lift men above the dreadful drag of sin and death. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto myself." Beneath the deep infernal is the love eternal. Its upward surge is the strongest force in the universe. Commit yourself unhesitatingly to that mighty rising tide of saving grace. Turn with confidence from the fate of Tito to the feet of Christ.

"Through all depths of sin and loss
Drops the plummet of the Cross;
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than his love can sound."

XV

THE CROSSED HANDS OF BLESSING

A Thanksgiving Sermon

TEXT: By faith Jacob, when he was dying, blessed each of the sons of Joseph; and worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff.—*Hebrews* 11:21.

If anyone were to ask what is the most important single thing to remember on Thanksgiving Day, I should have but one answer. It would doubtless sound like a paradox, but it would be, I think, the truth. The most important single thing for us to remember this morning is that we are Christians and not pagans. For the pagan world, too, had its thanksgiving. It had feasts and games in honor of the gods who had bestowed the blessings of the year. But this pagan joy and even gratitude for the good things of life was based upon material realization, not upon spiritual anticipation. It walked by sight and not by faith. Accordingly paganism had its message only for the noontime of prosperity. There was neither joy nor gratitude when everything went "dead wrong." Dr. Lyman Beecher used to say that it was easy to believe in a benevolent providence when the wind was not in the east. Paganism never believed anything when the wind was in the east. Its joy and gratitude were always for the sunshine, never for the cloudy day.

But Christian thanksgiving walks by faith, not by sight. It is not glad because of misfortunes. That would be

very unhuman and very foolish, and when confessed usually very hypocritical. Christian thanksgiving is clear-headed enough to know that in spite of all the illusions of Christian Science everything is not good. But it is grateful because, while with clear eyes it sees that not all things are good, yet with deep and vital faith it recognizes that in the end all things do work together and work out toward good to them who love God and who are the called according to his purpose. So it comes to pass that Christian thanksgiving, without any foolish illusions or self-hypnotism, can lift itself to God even when the wind is in the east, and voice its thanksgiving on the cloudy day—can raise its hymn of rejoicing in spite of the croakers, and resolve the minor music of a sin-sick world into the glorious major music that rings around the throne of God.

"Lord, I give thanks.
Last year Thou knowest my best ambitions failed,—
My back with scourgings of defeat was flailed,—
My eyes oft felt the sharp salt wash of tears,—
No guerdon blessed the tireless toil of years,—
Fast in the stocks my helpless feet were tied,—
Yet in my woes Thou didst with me abide.
Lord, I give thanks."

Here, for our Thanksgiving morning, is an impressive picture of what the Christian's attitude should be. Look at this old man. He is engaged in worship,—thankful, grateful worship,—and in blessing,—regal, rejoicing blessing. Yet who is he? Only a little while before, standing in the presence of the king, he had given his own pathetic autobiography: "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are a hundred and thirty years: few and evil

have been the days of the years of my life, and they have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage." His ambitions had failed. His splendid scheme of life had fallen like a house of children's blocks. He had looked for a great Promised Land, and instead he was now a pilgrim, a wanderer and an exile. He had sinned, and in his old age his sins had come back, like evil birds, to roost. Now in his last years, instead of a ruler in a great Promised Land he is a stranger in a strange land, a pensioner, dependent on charity, on the whim of a heathen king. Perhaps the old man might be impelled to say that he for one had little to be thankful for; but, bedridden and dying, with the glow of a divine fire within him, he leans upon the top of his staff and from a flaming heart of gratitude pours forth his adoration and his blessing.

Not only have great, rich, glorious blessings been received; but such is their overflow that he has them to give away. This splendid old pauper calls before him the two sons of the mighty premier of Egypt, and bestows his bequests upon them like a lord. It is said of John Wesley that when he died, though during his life he had handled thousands of pounds, he left nothing except two old spoons in London, two old spoons in Bristol, a battered silver teapot; *and* the Methodist Church. Well, this old man had no worldly goods to bestow, but he had a priceless spiritual covenant-blessing to hand down. When great Beethoven was slipping into the shadows midway between life and death, having very little of this world's goods, and bitterly disappointed in the unworthiness of his own relatives, he made the shortest and in some respects the greatest bequest of all history when he said of Schubert,

"Franz has my soul." The most priceless heritage which a man can give to those who come after is the heritage of a great soul.

> "So when a great man dies,
> For years beyond our ken,
> The light he leaves behind him lies
> Upon the paths of men."

I am holding this scene before you today because in that hard, crude old age it was so typically Christian; because in it a man has nothing and yet everything; because in circumstances of adversity greater than that faced by any man or woman in this audience he is yet overflowing with worship and thankfulness in the realization of the fullness of God that flowed around his incompleteness; and of God's rest that encompassed his restlessness.

Here, then, is the thanksgiving of faith.

It was the faith of a forward look. He was not in the Promised Land and never would be, but by faith he was already the possessor of the promised land. He was a prisoner in a company of bondsmen, yet he calmly disposed of a country upon which neither he nor his family had any claim whatsoever except the promises of God. Many years ago a white man went down into Patagonia, and after awhile proclaimed himself the "King of Patagonia." But he was driven from the country, and long years after, when he came to die, he solemnly willed to a friend his kingdom of Patagonia. That was not more presumptuous than the act of this old man who in his bequests disposes of a kingdom which he possesses only in imagination. It would have been nothing more than presumption had it not been for the promise of God. But his was that faith which is the substance of things hoped

for, the evidence of things not seen. Many years ago I saw Richard Mansfield impersonate Napoleon, and shall never forget that thrilling death scene in which the former emperor, an abject prisoner, surrounded by guards and prison walls, none so poor to do him reverence, nevertheless met death like a conqueror, clutching in his hand the map of Europe. So Jacob, uncrowned and dispossessed, died clutching in his hand the map of Palestine.

The Christian's thanksgiving, the Christian's worship, the Christian's blessing this day must be that of the forward look. When Harry Lauder lost his only son, when the sweet light of his life was drowned in darkness, he said there was nothing left but drink, despair, or God. But Harry Lauder laid hold on the garment hem of the Infinite and found peace—yes, by the forward look of faith found joy. That is the substance of our universal thanksgiving today. If you can be grateful for prosperity, for material blessings, for dreams realized and ambitions fulfilled, then thank God for it and mingle trembling with your mirth. But if you cannot do these things Thanksgiving is for you as well, through the forward look of faith. In the eighth circle of the Inferno Dante pictures for us the doom of the false prophets. Their eternal penalty was to have their heads set looking eternally backward while their feet were eternally moving forward. This is no day for the false prophets of evil with their faces backward while we are moving forward toward the Promised Land. This is a day for the forward look, "breast and back as either should be," looking for and hastening unto the better day that is to be.

It is worth while to note that the forward look of Jacob's thanksgiving reached out not only to the Promised

Land, but into the heavenly land as well. The command which he gave that his body was to be taken some day into Canaan reflected that ancient view that the welfare and immortality of the soul was connected with a proper and honorable burial of the body. The old man's romance was one of two worlds. Perhaps he did not clearly analyze his own instincts, but it is quite certain that in this grateful outrush of worship and thanksgiving there was the sense, as Mr. Darwin has put it, that "there is more to man than the breath of his body." And it may be that for some here today the only outrush of true thankfulness will be that which sees the romance of two worlds and grasps the hope "which we have as an anchor of the soul, a hope both sure and steadfast and entering into that which is within the veil." But this much is certain, that every child of God with a forward look of faith can see the better day and be glad.

Now this was more than the faith of the forward look. It was the faith of the crossed hands. You remember the human setting here. You recall how Joseph and Jacob had their own ideas as to how the blessings of God should be bestowed. They wanted God's benefits, and they wanted them in the proper and conventional and orthodox fashion, according to their own prearranged and preconceived schedule. Most of us want our blessings that way. Many of our prayers present to God a blank form, containing the proper order in which our blessings should be received, and a courteous request, "Please sign here." We want to dictate the way in which God should bless us; we want the overflowings of his grace to come through the channels which we have digged. Now it was the proper and orthodox and conventional thing that the

older son, Manasseh, should have the first blessing, and the younger son, Ephraim, should have the second blessing. And Joseph arranged it that way and said to his father, and through him to the Lord, "Kindly sign here." But a mysterious power moves the trembling hands of the old man. A force that he cannot resist or control impels him to cross his hands and put his right hand on the younger son and the left hand on the older son. Now Joseph was greatly distressed. The blessings were coming, but not in the way that he had expected or planned. He protested about it, but to no avail. The hands of blessing that day were crossed hands.

Sidney Lanier, the poet, in his essay on The Theory of Music, develops the idea of crossing or opposition as the basis of music. It is caused, he says, by forces acting in crossed directions, it is the hand striking the harp, it is the bow crossing the violin string that brings the melody. And the music of life comes crosswise.

We thought, a few years ago, that a great world war was impossible. Suddenly the force of events struck rudely across our preconceived notions and the most tragic war of history blazed out. Then we said, "We, at least, can be at peace; we are across the Atlantic; we are safely ensconced behind our natural barriers in leagues of ocean water; we can never be touched by the fire that is blazing throughout the world." Once again the force of events struck our fondest hopes crosswise, and we found ourselves engulfed in that mighty conflagration. And then we said, "Even if we must bear this awful cross of war we shall find in it spiritual blessing; we shall be roused to a new idealism; we shall have in this country as a compensation for the evils of war a new unity, a new brother-

hood, a new world-wide vision, a new cooperation." How bitterly our fondest hopes have been dashed to the ground! How humiliating the national spectacle of narrow and selfish and callous insularity—of petty peanut politics, when the times called for broad clear statesmanship—of the gyrations of manikins when the hour called for the greatness of men!

Do you ask whether we can celebrate Thanksgiving in the light of all this? Yes! We can worship God and receive and radiate His blessings even though the hands of blessing seem to us to be crossed hands. In the end the crossed hands of blessing, though they have disappointed our expectations, will not fail in working out to our salvation. We must have the grateful confidence of those who understand that our extremity is God's opportunity. If God has seemed to cross His hands, they are still the hands of blessing. If the glory does not come our way, it is because ours was not the best way.

"When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar;
'Tis said, far down, beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple, sacred evermore;
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise kind and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee."

And this is not only a day of thanksgiving, but a day of supplication too. If the hands of God's blessing seem to be crossed, let us have faith to believe, but above all let us have faith to lay hold upon Him, and cry like old Jacob in the gray dawn of that fateful morning, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Go back with me, if you please, to the grim days of the Civil War. The darkest time in American life, without a single exception, was the year from midsummer 1862 to midsummer 1863. In September Lincoln issued the first copy of the Emancipation Proclamation, largely with a view to its effect upon European public opinion. He thought that if we made the men across the sea understand that we were fighting for liberty, fighting for a great moral principle, it would rally good men everywhere to the support of the North. And in part this was true, but the aristocracies and dynasties of the Old World were against us. The cotton blockade was starving English industries. There was constant pressure against the North by certain selfish politicians who wanted to see our country broken up. Lincoln kept the Emancipation Proclamation lying in his drawer for weeks, waiting for a Union victory. The best he could possibly do was the drawn fight at Antietam. And when it was issued, the response of the country was unfavorable. Solid states like New York and Pennsylvania and Ohio and Illinois went against the administration. The bleak Christmas of 1862 shuddered in the horror of the most awful defeat of the Civil War, when Burnside was

smashed at Fredericksburg. The army of the Potomac was sacrificed again and again in a series of ghastly attempts to find a general, and from January to April General Grant failed repeatedly in his efforts to open the Mississippi River at Vicksburg. Across the water there was danger; at home there was defeat and panic; and in civilian life treason stalked naked and unashamed.

Now what happened? Abraham Lincoln—God keep his memory green—a great representative of a great people, on March 30, 1863, sounded a call for a national day of fasting and prayer. In language like one of the old prophets he called upon his fellow countrymen to humble themselves before the offended Power, to confess their national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness. Thus on April 30th, 1863, at the darkest hour of American national life, this country "caught at God's skirts, and prayed." What followed? At Chancellorsville, on May 9th, the bloody defeat of Hooker. Is that your answer to prayer? Ah, but wait a moment! Chancellorsville cost Stonewall Jackson, and with Jackson Lee would have won Gettysburg. Chancellorsville created in the Southern Army the fatal determination to invade the North, and that was the beginning of the end. General Lee listened to the Northern pacifists, who were making a noise disproportionate to their numbers. Moreover, He looked with longing at the full granaries and richly stocked farms of Pennsylvania. When he had sent a request for food to Richmond he had received the reply, "If General Lee wants rations he will find them in Pennsylvania." And so, exulting in its strength and sure of victory, the Southern Army struck north. And the night after Chancellorsville Abraham Lincoln, pacing to and fro in the

dark, bowed before Almighty God and promised that if He gave him the victory he would never forsake Him. Lincoln said to his friend, General Sickels: "I told Him that it was His war, and our cause was His cause, but we couldn't stand another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville. And I then and there made a solemn vow to Him that if He would stand by our boys at Gettysburg I would stand by Him. And He did stand by our boys, and I will stand by Him. And after that I don't know how it was, I can't explain it, soon a sweet comfort crept into my soul that things would go all right at Gettysburg, and that is why I had no fears about you." And things did go "all right" at Gettysburg.

Was it merely a chance or a coincidence that within ninety days after the time that the nation got down on her knees before God, and that Abraham Lincoln as a great high priest of the nation went down on his knees before God, the whole aspect completely changed, that Gettysburg was won, that Grant hammered his way into Vicksburg and cleared the Mississippi so that its waters flowed unchecked to the sea, that the voice of treason and sedition was hushed, that Henry Ward Beecher and Charles Francis Adams clinched a great Union victory across the water, and that within three months following this exhibition of united prayer the beginning of the end had come, "a nation saved, a race delivered?"

Or consider the situation in the spring of 1918. Russia crushed and disintegrated, the Central Powers, confident of victory, began on the 21st of March the long-heralded movement which was to smash the Allied lines, roll up the ends of it, take the seacoast towns, and batter Paris to pieces. They cut thirty-five miles deep into Allied terri-

tory. The British Fifth Army was broken to pieces. In a second and a third successful drive they broke the Allied line again and again; they took a hundred and thirty-five thousand prisoners and great quantities of guns and ammunition. They dropped giant shells on the city of Paris. General Haig in despair cried, "With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight to the end." Then it was that on the thirtieth day of May the President called America to fasting and prayer, to confession of sin and acknowledgement of dependence on God. We confessed our sins, we prayed for deliverance. The nation was on its knees before God. And then what? In that third great offensive four French divisions had been wiped out and the road to Paris was wide open. At Chateau Thierry the apex of the German line was stopped "by the grace of God and a few marines." And from that time on it rolled back and rolled back until on every front, from the North Sea to Palestine, overwhelming victories marked for the Allied forces the beginning of the end.

You can call these things only coincidences if you wish. There will be some to explain them by natural laws and military forces, and they are welcome to their opinions. But to me the voice that came clear and high and strong over the roll of the cannon was as the voice of an angel. And I want to hear that voice again today. Would God that America might listen once more to hear it, and that Almighty God might show us that the crossed hands of blessing are to bring after all the better world, not in our way, but in His. Let us expect it, work for it, pray for it, and leave the rest with Him.

"In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb—
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the life-long aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name—
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead—
The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small—
But the glory of the Lord is all in all."

THE END

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